FOR TWO MONTHS.

VOL. XVIII.-NO. 24.

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1890.

UNDER MORTGAGES

New Hampshire Farms Are

Deeply Sunk.

City Ways that Take the Money.

Unthankful Children and Unthrift to the Complete the Ruin.

On Descript Farms, N. H., June 7.—A boor, old farmer, with callousses en the inside of his hands and cornson his knuckles, stood by the roadside in Franklin one day last week. Perhaps it is not right to call him "old," for, in spite of a bended back and gray hairs, he said he was not yet 43 years of age. He looked 60, however, and, if he is not that age, he must settle the question with Father Time, who has scandalously libelled him. Overthe hills, a few miles away, stood the farm where the "immortal Webster" was born, and here, among these hills and blackberry bushes, the greatest intellect that America over had was nourished. But statesmen appear to be an exhaustive crop, and since the time of Daniel's birth the land hereabouts does not seem capable of raising anything but roman wormwood, busileys and knotgrass. That was the opinion of Farmer Grant, anyhow, and in a measure the farms indorsed his statement. "We fellows would get along all right," said Farmer Grant, bitting viciously at a quid of black tobacco, 'if we weren's so alfired extravagant. If we get one good crow we think we need. That is not the worst of it. Weren we had not begin to lay out our money for anything we think we need. That is not the worst of it.

"Sartin, I can. She was a bright girl, Mirandy was, even if she was my daughter, and I do say it. She was musical in her cradle. Long afore she talked she could follow a tune and keep time with her hands just like a bandmaster. Folks used to come to see her and hear her from all around. In these days Miss Carey and Miss Kellogg were making lots of money on the stage, and I said my girl should have all the musical education I could give her.

"It was too much for me.

"When she was 10 years old I bought her a piano. It cost me \$2:0. I did not have the money, so I mortgaged my farm for \$500, and put the rest out in sending her to Boston to fuish up. At last she was 15 years old, and her teachers told me I ought to botton to flush up. At last she was 15 years old. She sung around at a good many theatres and museums and halls all over the country. If she got any money she would spend it in clothes and cologne. Sometimes she was rather poor and would send to me for a ten.

"At last, when she was 18 years old." At last, when she was 18 years old. "At last, when she was 18 years old." The reason why these mortgaged were making to the country. If she got any money she would spend it in clothes and cologne. Sometimes she was rather poor and would send to me for a ten.

"At last, when she was 18 years old." The reason why these mortgages were contracted has already been given in this article.

"She died that fall, and is up there on the hill in the burying ground"

"And the mortgage on your farm?"

"Foreclosed. I must move out next fall. God knows what I am going to do." Here he went outright, and went off up into his field sobbing like a child.

"He is a good man." said a neighbor. "and hardworking and honest, but that gal of his ruined him. She was no use. He thought she could sing, but she could not. He lost all his earnings trying to make a woman of her. It would have been better if he had put her out to work. Poor fellow, it is too bad."

Another case where a good form.

sa question of earning but of saving with him, and if he had but a quarter to his name he would live on 10 cents of it and put 15 cents in the bank.

But a big-headed, wall-eyed boy was born to the family in 1860. He was the first boy, though the fourth child. Of course the bey must be looked out for. Farmer Appleton enlisted for two years in 1861, and toward the end of 1862 he came home deeply and sorely wounded from the Southern battle-fields. He had a small pension granted him later on, but his ability to do hard work was gone, and instead of cutting lumber and clearing up new land he went into truck gardening and bee and poultry rassing. Still he prospered fairly well, and when the boy was 15 years old in 1875, he had \$1200 in the bank, and the place was free from debt. Two of the gris had married workingmen, and were doing well. The third was self-supporting from her wages as cashier in a Boston store.

Then the boy, the pet and the pride of the household, asserted his rights. He had a high and mighty mission to perform. It was his desire to go to West Point and be a general, if he could not do that, he must attend college and become a lawyer. About \$200 was spent in the necessary preparations for the place, and then \$100 more in a needless "oull" to zet him there. He was appointed, and got entered all right. In less than a year he quit. The pampered pet of the family could not stand the rigid discipline imposed. It was breaking down the boy's constitution. So he came home, went to Exeter for a few terms, then to Dartmouth, and by the time he had his discipline imposed. It was breaking down the boy's constitution. So he came home, went to extern for a few terms, then to pieces, and the farmer had outstanding notes for about \$700.

The boy up to date had been a failure. If he took an agency the work was uncongenial to him. He studied law and had all all he had and the pieces to which he aspired. The local New Hampshive bar was not broad enough for his budding intellect. He must go where glory awaited him. S

understand. Mr. Appleton." said a

ing causes for the indebtedness have been TITLES AT WASHINGTON. ness in the family.

we think the others will do as well, and begin to lay out our money for anything we think we need. That is not the worst of it. We old fellows who have been here some time can get trusted, and we generally go in deep when we get at it. That is what broke me up." He looked pityingly at his runover boots and frayed overalls, and played his tobacco hose straight into the heart of a dandelion blossom, where a bumble bee was collecting pollen for her young. Then he wiped his lips on his shirt sleeve and resumed:

How the good, nonest farmers of Anywhere. How the good, nonest larmers of New Hampshire put all their surplus cash into these visionary enterprises that never yielded them a cent, and how they were compelled to mottage they could not sell the mortgages they held on West-awings of a lifetime vanished in thin smoke; how despondency and ill-helit took the place of vigor and good cheer, and how at last, worn out with hoping and petitioning, the old farmers desert the green fields of Eden"—how this has been going on in every county and nearly every town of the State would take a whole book to tell. The story is a fact, hewever.

wiped his lips on his shirt sleeve and resumed:

"It was my oldest girl that broke me up.
I know it now, Wish I had known it loyears ago."

"Can you tell me how that was?" asked thereporter.

"Sartin, I can. She was a bright girl, Mirandy was even if she was my daughter.

"Sartin, I can. She was my daughter.

another mortgage on the farm and sent her to Boston to finish up. At last she was 15 years old, and her teachers told me I ought to put her on the stage. That cost me a yoke of exen for dresses and furbelows; but stood it. She sung around at a good many theatres and museums and halls all over the country. If she got any money she would spend it in clothes and cologne. Sometimes she was rather poor and would send to me for a ten.

"At last, when she was 18 years old, which was in 1888, she ran away with an Italian singer and got married. He abused her awfully. So she left him and came home to me, and had her baby in my house." I cars came to the big blue eyes as he went on. It was evident that he was getting toward a tender point in his story.

"And did she go on the stage again" asked the reporter.

"No! though she wanted to ever so much."

"What did she do?" was the blunt question.

"She died that fall, and is up there on the hill in the burying ground "And the mortgage on your farm?"

"Foreclosed. I must move out next fall. God knows what 1 am going to do." Here he went outright, and went off up into his field sobbing like a child.

"He is a good many "said a neighbor, "and hardworking and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the burying and honest, but that gal of his wind him the

In all these little conversations about field sobbing like a child.

"He is a good man," said a neighbor, "and hardworking and honest, but that gal of his ruined him. She was no use. He thought she could sing, but she could not. He lost all his earnings trying to make a woman of her. It would have been better if he had but her out to work. Poor fellow, it is too bad."

Another case where a good farm was lost under similar circumstances, came to the reporter's notice in Rockingham county. Farmer Appleton was well-to-do. He was not rich, but he saved his money and but by a few hundred dollars every year in the bank, and worked hard and lived on pork and cabbage. Every Sunday he went to church, wearing the suit in which he was married, and if a hole came in his working overalls his wife put on another patch instead of buying him a new pair. It was not a question of earning but of saving with him, and if he had but a quarter to his name he would live on 10 cents of it and put 15 cents in the bank.

But a big-headed, wall-eyed boy was born to the family in 1860. He was the first boy, though the fourth child. Of course the bey must be looked out for. Farmer Appleton enlisted for two years in 1861, and toward the end of 1862 he came home deeply and sorely wounded from the Southern battlefields. He had a simall pension granted him later on, but his ability to do hard work was gone, and instead of cutting lumber and clearing and bee and poultry rais-

GILL FORD.

Rule; for a Clear Skin. [Ladies' Home Journal.] You want to keep your skin nice all sum-

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia, or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when you spe travelling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water or a little vasaling. water, or a little vaseline.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off of it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of castiron.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast-iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose instead a fiannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night; that is, bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a moment after, with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of the wrinkles, and you are resting.

Wants a Wicked One.

of those with titles before their names is foreign ministers. Every legation has its and baronesses by the score. The most mawkish, sentimental whippersnapper

paper, and the toadies of our society are some of the barons are noble both in name and in deed. The Baron de Struve, the long diplomatic career, and he comes of a mer who was the first director of the Imwas no brighter woman in Washington than was Mme. de Struve, and Gen. Grant called her the most accomplished lady he

had ever met. Baron de Struve is one of the richest of the Washington ministers. He gets about a number of rich men among his attaches.

who started Washington society to paper who is such a patron of out-of-door sports. He has the finest horses in Washington, and he has a Russian groom as broad as he s long, who drives him about in a Russian droschky. One of his horses has a pedigree of 120 years, and Mr. Greger is one of the of 120 years, and Mr. Greger is one of the best looking of the diplomats in the saddle.

The English minister has a title. Queen Victoria knighted him in 1874, and he is a knight of the Commander of the Bath and has also the grand cross of 5t. Michael and St. George. Lady Pauncefote is the daughter of a noted Indian army officer. Her name was Cubbit and she is descended from the famous lord mayor of that name. She has had a long experience in English



society, and she is well fitted to aid Stributian in getting rid of the \$40.000 which the English government allows him for wining and dining.

The British Legation here is berhaps the best house for entertaining in Washington, it is an immense red brick and stone structure, and belongs to John Buil. The English government gives its minister a residence, and pays for his furniture, and SirJulian is said to have a fortune in his own right. His jamily is a delightful one. He has three daughters, one of whom, hiss Mand Pauncetete, has appeared in society this winter. She is a tail, graceful girl, of more than ordinary attainments and culture. She is a fond of novels is devoted to horses and logs. likes in the structure of the Early and his continuous proposed in the structure of the Early and his other kinglity decorations, and the attaches and secretaries of the Early and his other kinglity decorations, and the attaches and secretaries of the Early and his other kinglity decorations, and the attaches and secretaries of the Early and his other kinglity decorations, and the attaches and secretaries of the legation came out with brass buttons on their dress coats, which, by the way, were adorned with velvex. Sir Julian's servants are dressed in livery, and his coachman and footmen have bugs on their hats are dressed in livery, and his coachman and footmen have bugs on their hats are dressed in livery, and his coachman and footmen have bugs on their hats. The offer washing ton said and should he shall be a short, round, dark faced man of 40 or 45, and is agreat favorite with the ladies of Washington society. How when the shall be a short, round, dark faced man of 40 or 45, and is agreed favorite with the ladies of Washington and, in creating the ladies of the said and should be a short to make the country and his in livery, and his coachman and footmen have bugs on their hats of the most of the failure of other heads on the first and to whom he stood rearly line was a fight of the failure of the most of the most of t

in Washington seciety and has loss of friends.

The girls all admire the German minister, Count Arco Valley. I wish I could paint him as he looks at a Washington reception. He is over six feet tall, weighs a 10th of a ton, and is a magnificent picture of physical beauty. His face is as rosy as the rising sun, and his monocle which he scrows into his left eye is as big around as a trade dollar.



married, and very much married, too, for they have a number of wives and concubines in their own hermit kingdom. They have each a wife here with them, and the Corean ladies are among the bright, picturesque curiosities of the diplomatic circle. Their complexions are Jersey cream. Their eyes are brown and their lins are as red as cherries when ripe. They wear a quaint dress of bright-colored silks, have silk caps on their heads, and they have so breken through the customs of their country as to attend with their lords at the fashionable drawing-rooms and receptions. They have learned to speak a little English and delight in making calls. They have a viano and sewing machine at the legation building, and their ironing, and washing for both themselves and their husbands is done at the laundry. In Corea a woman's chief work is grooning her husbands is done at the laundry. In Corea a woman's chief work is grooning her husbands is done at the laundry. In Corea a woman's chief work is grooning her husbands is done at the laundry. In Corea a woman's chief work is grooning ber husbands is done at the laundry. In Corea a woman's chief work is grooning to the house. These girls can sit at the front windows and look out on the street. They have shown themselves very adaptable to our civilization, and they will probably be missionaries in the march of civilization.

Washington centres in the diplomatic circle. We have American princes by the hundreds, but the simon-dure, unadulterated blue blood which flows only in the veins of those with titles before their names is almost contined to the families of the blood woman who presides over the Chinese minister comes of the best blood of the country in the very serve were the c

ed blue blood which flows only in the veins of those with titles before their names is almost contined to the families of the foreign ministers. Every legation has its count or baron, and there are countesses and baronesses by the score. The most mawkish, sentimental whippersnapper among the attaches hasenough titles before and after his name to fill a sheet of note paper, and the toadies of our society are constantly bending the knee before nominal greatness.

Not a few of the counts are bona fide, and some of the barons are noble both in name and in deed. The Baron de Struve, the head of the Russian legation, has had a small footed woman who presides over the Chinese legation.

The Chinese minister comes of the best blood of China, but there is no nobility among the Celestials, and the minister has attained his rank only through his high standing at the public examinations. The Chinese minister's wife is named Isni Kwo Win, and according to the custom of the Chinese, she does not go out of her home. She has not been to a reception this winter, and if she went she would have to be supported by two maids, for her feet are so small that she can hardly stand upon them. Her only appearance at any public place this winter was at the theatre, where she came on night and occupied a box with several of the Chinese legation.



The dean of the diplomatic corps is Baron

"Metagnostic" a New Word.

(New York letter in the Philadelphia Ledger.)
The "Century Dictionary" will contain at east one new word. "metagnostic," the meaning of which will be given as, first, beyond knowledge," and second, one who believes in a Being beyond the sphere of ense and beyond absolute knowledge. This Wants a Wicked One.

(Guiveton News.)

The order to give my son an education.

"Hard to debt?"

No. sir: but my son will attend to that. He is doing finely."

No. sir: but my son will attend to that. He is doing finely."

A lawyer in boston, bloar?

The above a latent and counsel for a bank in the street car. This goes the circumstant the farmer said, the solve with great frank the circ and is conce well.

The above is a litent it insacrift of what the farmer said, the solve with great frank the same read, the solve with great frank the same read with the solve with great frank the same read with the solve with great frank the same read with the solve with great frank the same read with the solve with great frank the solve with great frank the frank produced to the solve with great frank the same read with the solve with great frank the frank produced to the solve with great frank the solve word has been coined by the Brooklyn Ethical Association, under the inspiration of

ART OF DRESS.

Style and How It May be Acquired.

Wemen Should Make Friends, Not Enemies, of the Fashions.

Several Handsome Summer Toilets and How to Make Them.



ing apparel that stands in highest repute with the feminine mind, to say nothing of the masculine mind, is unques-tionably style. It is valued far and away above silver and fine gold, above wisdom And this is precise ly the reason why so

devotees worship it "unstylish person." There is no denying it. Stand on the corner of any thoroughfare in city or town and note the costumes as they are worn along.

Not one in a dozen is presentable: not one in two dozen lays any pretence to style; not one in three dozen can claim any kinship with it: and you will stand a long time after you discover one elegantly attired and ele-gant appearing woman before you see a second one. Why is it?

All sorts and conditions of apparel go by in the throng: very many wear nice materials; a good many wear garments cut after designs that are in the acme of popularity. There are some with clothing that sets and hangs well; the garb of a few is becoming but only now and then is there a person to be seen whose general appearance can be said to be in "good style."

What is true in this respect of street attire is equally true of indeor toilets. In a disthe percentage of well-drsesed persons is at the theatre, concert or average dancing fact that the subject of dress is more talked

make the mistake of thinking style in dress is like a buckle or girdle, or some other tanon in a moment and look for all the world not only is not one accessory alone in a toi-

as it it grow there. Style is intanglice, and not only is not one accessory alone in a toilet, but the sum total of all desirable qualities in dress.

An old writer says: "We say style of anything in which form or matter is conceived to be, in however slight, degree, expression of taste and sentiment."

It is the quality of taste that is lacking in so many wardrobes, and which is at all tim sessential to good style. We hear a good deal about the ability some people have to "look well in anything." It may be an inherited faculty or one that has been cultivated—for it can be cultivated, this attractive knack of always seeming to be well dressed whether in bath robe or skating costume—but in either case, however acquired, it means simply that the person in question has a fine sense of the eternal fitness of things—a nice sense of becomingness.

Style is not a synonyme for richness of apparel, since of two persons dressed exactly alike in costly garments who has not heard it said of one. "How stylish!" and of the other, "What a frump!" Style, moreover, does not mean the very latest fad in any or all articles of dress, for the most stylishly dressed persons—adjudged so by common consent—oftenest are strikingly original.

though always well within the bounds or refined taste. Style is essentially individ efined taste. Style is essentially individal. What suits one person makes another



Jerome Bonaparte owns a house here. He is the king of Westphalia and the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, who came to this country and fell in love with the beautiful Betsy Patterson of Baltimore and married her. Betsy Patterson died only a few years ago, and the family is, I understand, wealthy.

Jerome Bonaparte was educated at West Point and left our army about 1856 to enter the Household Guards of Louis Napoleon. He was a great favorite of the Empress Eugenie and he distinguished himself in the France-Prussian war. He had to tee from France at the close of that war to save his life, and then he came back to this country. He married Miss Edgar, a granddaughter of Daniel Webster, and took up his residence in Washington. He has been here until a year or so ago, and its, I think, now travelling in Europe. He is a well educated man, although his education is altogether military.

His younger brother, Charles, is a lawyer in Baltimore, but Jerome is more of a man about town than anything else. He is very dould be dressed in some days and downs of French governments should ever elevate him to the throne, he will maintain his part with credit.

"Metagnostic" a New Word.

Miss Grundy, Jr.

"Metagnostic" a New Word.

The quality of style for which we have no better name than the French word chie is all very fascinating in the attire of a young and pretty woman, but it degenerates into vulgarity at once when adopted by the wind pretty woman, but it degenerates in the sall pretty woman, but it degenerates in the pressor and pretty woman, but it degenerates in the sall pretty woman, but it degenerates in the sull pretty woman, but it degenerates in the stire in auch than the Frinch word chies is all very fascination of a lithe virtues known upon earth, is no loner vivoutiful and graceful in feature or form. Just as truly the elaborate richuess in dress that is well carried off by the dignity of ybars, and in keeping with matronly charms, makee a maidee painfully lil-dressed.

The grace and fascination of a well-dressed an had by servile imitation. No two persons are exactly alike with the possible exception of now and then some miraculous twins and the fashions that help to make the style of one person's dress a charming one cannot be adopted outright by anybody else with the same effect. Fashions should be adopted less and adapted more. Even twins should be dressed in some degree different from each other, the better to tell them apart if for no other reason.

The ideal figure to clothe would be neither too short, nor too tall, not too slender and not too stout. Given a figure with ideal beauty of face and form with all the personal graces, and such an one would look well in anything from a Greek chiton to a 19th century tailor-made dress. But the ideal figure gets altogether too much consideration, considering how much of a myth she is.

Most of us are not exquisitely proportioned, and we look best in garments that not only make the most of whatever "grace of feature, form or limb" we chance to have, but which shield our shortcomings and long-goings into the bargain. If with the clothing that best because it most comfortably and becomingly clothes us we would have an agreeable style, it must be quite our own, inspired by the beautiful woman's appearance; yes, but moulded to fit our different needs.

Because the majority of women are not well proportioned, and incline towards extremes of size, fashion should be designed with reference to these facts. But unhappily, in but very, very few cases do fashion designers do this. Most patterns and models are made at haphazard, looking to variety rather than to comfort or beauty, and nearly all are for the women of perfect proportions.

Afterwards, as if the existence of the big and the little women were online a second

portions.

Afterwards, as if the existence of the big and the little women were quite a secondary consideration, the designs, many of which would be bad enough upon a perfect figure, are duplicated by pattern makers and others in "all sizes from 30 to 42 bust measure." It is because of this ridiculous custom that so many fashionably arrayed mortals outrage every canon of good taste. Fancy the woman of 40-inch bust measure dressed in the style suited to the slender maiden!

in the style suited to the slender maided! Yet this incongruity walks abroad at noon-day and at all other hours.

There is a fortune and the blessings of the community awaiting the individual who will undertake to design garments to suit different figures. It will be a long day before every woman will know for herself what she can and what she cannot wear to advantage, and, until then, nattern-makers would confer a most valuable favor if they would make and mark designs "for stout women," "for tall and slender women," etc., etc.

The good genius who can and does advise women how to dress exists now, but only as a special artist in dress here and there who asks enormous prices for good advice. What is much needed is some one who will perfect the slender women how to dress exists now, but only as a special artist in dress here and there who asks enormous prices for good advice. What is much needed is some one who will perfect the slender women how to dress exists now, but only as a special artist in dress here and there who asks enormous prices for good advice. What is much needed is some one who will perfect the slender women how to dress exists now, but only as a special artist in dress here and there who asks enormous prices for good advice. What is much needed is some one who will perfect the proposed centre table, could not be dressed in good style, for good style, for good style, for good style does not permittincongruity.

It means always being appropriately dressed. This delicate lemon lisse robe, moreover, calls for fine gloves, for nice slites.

The woman who dresses in good style invariable has all parts of her costume in keeping. Cotton-back velvet may have its learned, wise & Wiser Learned, Wise &

moderate wages, but whose responsibility does not go beyond cutting and sewing.

There is a wide field for dressmakers who know what is in good style not on lay figures, but on their customers. The woman who is her own dressmaker can dress herself fashionably by copying fashion plates, but she can dress in good style only by knowing what to wear and how to wear it.

Textures and colors have much to do with style and should be selected with strict regard for their becomingness—not to some other person, but to the one who will wear them. No one is dressed in good style who is not becomingly dressed. It is the faculty for fitting fashions in fabrics and designs to her itime, face and circumstances in such a way as to at all times wear only what is most becoming that gives the woman of style—the woman of knack—her success in dressing. The shorter one's purse, the less she can avail herself of the judgment of artists in toilets, the greater the need that she should know 'what is who to make the mis in evidence.

The silk-frocked and lace-trimmed and

at all times wear only what is most becoming that gives the woman of style—the woman of knack—her success in dressing. The shorter one's purse, the less she can avail herself of the judgment of artists in tollets, the greater the need that she should know "what is what" for herself.

Pronouncedorexaggerated ashions should



imitation that is the result of trying to make \$200 do what only \$1000 can do, deceives nobody.

The salesgirl cannot give herself carte blanche in buying her summer wardrobe as the silver king's daughter can, and discretion is much the better part of valor. A nice wool dress is in much better style than a limsy silk dress. And if all the details of the costume are in keeping and retined in tone, there is nothing in their real if very modest elegance that announces them to be the best, perhaps the only suit in the waidrobe, but a poor silk, tawdry trimmings, cheap finery of all sorts, have poverty of purse and of mind written all over them. Simplicity in dress may be in poor or in good style according to the power behind the scissors and needle, but a poor imitation of splendor can never be in anything but execrable taste.

If the woman who wishes to dress in the best style possible—and who does not—would but stop to consider where fashion leaders get their fashions from she would save herself many a slip. Take high collars for example, and how they have "raged!" They were never invented as was the telephone for the benefit of all mankind, including women.

Because a princess who has a long neck and overmarred by the scars of disease ostensibly chooses that her high-necked dresses shall be high enough to conceal the unsightly marks, which when in court robes she covers with band necklaces, it is worse than nonsensical for all women to add a few inches to their collars straightway. For women like the princess, with long necks or ugly throats, it is a happy coincidence that royalty should think out

add a few inches to their collars straightway. For women like the princess, with long necks or ugly throats, it is a happy coincidence that royalty should think out or starts fashion that is an advantage to them, but the sight of a short, stout woman, with no neck to speak of, in a basque with an exaggeratedly high collar because she wants to be "in the style" is ridiculous. And this is but one instance of the way in which the majority, like sheep, go astray in matters of dress. The "stylish" women, the women who "look well in anything" take themselves for laws. They wear what suits thom and quietly avoid the women who look thing" take themselves for laws. They were what suits them and quietly avoid what does not and if they need, like the princess, any peculiar style of dress to render them more attractive in person they adopt it, and with such good effect that the multitude leans after the fashion in hot haste, and often to their doom so far as good style goes.

The graceful maiden in figure 1 finds the feather-crowned hat of odd shape very befeather-crowned hat of odd shape very before the complete was a prisoner, and one was in the lowing story is even more remarkable than the one about the 11 brothers:

There were five brothers-William, franklim, slonroe, John and Thomas Dolan. They were born in the same house in Cass county, Mo. They enlisted in a Confederate county is the late war. One of the confederate war.



FIG. III-CLOTH DRESS.

marble-topped centre table, could not be

simplicity of modern fashions for little people.

The silk-frocked and lace-trimmed and beriboned little girl whom one sees today here and there must be glad for the little maiden whose mother saves stitches and adds grace to her frocks, even while she pities herself.

The Estelle dress in the initial cut is one of the simplest and yet an effective little frock of sprigged delaine in pale green on a white ground, trimmed with darker leaf-green velvet. The girdle is faced with silk and interlined with crinoline, after which it is easy to blind-stitch it into place. The hatis a fancy green straw in pale tint trimmed with a tightly strapped bow of ribbon velvet to match the dress trimming, and a cluster of buttercup blossoms looking as if dropped there without care or thought of arrangement.

Next week will tell what styles are becoming to stout and which to slender women, what colors to wear, etc.

Dinah Sturgis.

onto be worn by one whose face or figure will not bear being scanned in the glare that conspicuous attire always furnishes. The daring combination of colors, oddly out garments, striking styles of all sorts, that are often picturesque upon the beautiful woman must be shunned by her homely sister, whos dress should ione up the pictures she is to make when dressed, not down, nor throw it into too boid relief.

Dress on \$200 a year cannot equal in splendor that on \$1000 a year. The conniving and contriving of skilful fingers and a shrewd and wise brain can make a little money go a long way, but there is a limit to possibility, and the cheap, strained imitation that is the result of trying to make \$200 do what only \$1000 can do, deceives nobody.

The salesgirl cannot give herself carte blanche in buying her summer wardrobe as the silver king's daughter can, and discretion is much the better sple than a timsy silk dress. And if all the details of the costume are in keeping and refined in tone, there is nothing in their real if very modest elegance that announces them to be the best, perhaps the only suit in the wardrobe, but a poor silk, tawdry trimmings, cheap finery of all sorts, have poverty of purse and of mind written all over them. Simplicity in dress may be in poor or in good style according to the power behind the scissors and needle, but a poor imitation of splendor can never be in anything but exectable taste.

If the woman who wishes to dress in the best style possible—and who does not—would but slop to consider where fashion leaders get their fashions from she would save hereif many asilp. Take high collers for example, and how they have "raged!" They were never unvented as was the telephone for the benefit of all mankind, including women.

Because a princess who has a long neck. one and folded. Let no woman attempt to sleep in any of the garments worn during the day. Poor rest and fatigue the next day is the result. Remove everything and slip on a night-gown, over which should be added in cold weather a gown—a perfectly plain one—of flannel, to avoid colds. Put the stockings and garters inside the shoes and have them by the result. The shoes and have the property of the shoes and covered the stockings and garters inside the shoes and covered the second state of the scientific men on board said they stocking and garters inside the shoes and covered the second state of the scientific men on board said they stocking and garters inside the shoes and covered the scientific men on board said they stocking and garters inside the next the scientific men on board said they stocking and garters inside the next the scientific men on board said they stocking and garters to shoe the shore were some enormous over the shoes and inch to two inches thick. Some of the scientific men on board said they stocking and garters to shoe a shore were some enormous over the shoes and inches to garter the scientific men on board said they stock the scientific men on board said they stock the scientific men or board said they shoe the scientific men or board said they shoe the scientific men or board said they stock the scientific men or board said they scientific men or boa

A TALE OF THE WAR.

Five Brothers in One Regiment Who

Seemed to be Bullet-Proof. A story was printed in several newspapers recently about 11 brothers who enlisted in the late war. One of them was killed,

franklin, Monroe, John and Thomas Dolan. The graceful maiden in figure 1 finds the feather-crowned hat of odd shape very becoming, and a stylish picture she makes in her semi-medici collar and picturesque hat, but this identical gown and hat on a short figure, with short neck and heavy features, would be anything but in good style.

For a dress occasion the costume in figure 2 upon the woman to whom it was becoming would be in good style. It is a plain soft silk of lemon hue, combined with embroidered lisse of the same shade and trimmed with black ribbon velvet.

The folded chemisette of plain lisse, the jabot frills and general design of the dress are calculated to soften outlines, and to be becoming to a young matron. Such a dress is not durable as a matter of course.

It is pretty in this shade for a brunette with fair skin, in other colors for other comple ions, but is in good style only when it suits the wearer and the occasion. It is a pretty gown for an "at home" amid artistic surroundings, but a woman who wore it in her parlor furnished with haircloth and her parlor furnished with haircloth with a furnished with haircloth and her parlor fur

How Women Should Sit.

[Ladies' Home Journal].

Women who sit with their legs crossed, to sew or to read, or to hold the baby, are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailments; but it is true nevertheless. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one across the knee of the other, ankle of one across the knee of the other, and rests it lightly there. A woman, more modest and restricted in her movements, rests the entire weight of one limb on the upper part of the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, as is often done by ladies who sew or embroider, will produce disease. Scattica, neuralgia and other serious troubles frequently result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper portion of a woman's legs are extremely seasitive, and much of her whole physical structure can become deranged if they are overtaxed in the mapner referred to.

One Use for Flowers.

[Chatter]
The other day as a royal train of Pennsylvania parlor cars pulled out of the Jersey City depot. a gentlemanly man carrying a huge bunch of lilacs made his way from the rear of the train to the foremost car, the smoker. Pressing almost upon his heels was a rather rough-looking fellow making the same journey.
It happened that as I raised my eyes I saw It happened that as I raised my eyes I saw behind that bunch of lilacs a par of shining steel handcuffs connecting the gentlemanly man's wrists. It would be interesting to know whether it was the convict's idea or that of his keeper to put howers to that strange use. But to my mind there was something very poetic about it.

Curious Names Here is an amusing combination of names. each one of which may be found individu ally in the directories of a few of the larger

Bonnett & Hood Button, Westcott & Coates Cotton, Silk & Wood Cannon, Gunn & Muskett Frost, Haile & Snow Freese & Thaw Hawk & Bussard Clinamon & Pepper Coffee & Mace Corn, Cobb & Oates Rice & Milk Corn, Cobb & Oa Rice & Milk Grass & Hay Crabb & Oyster Pott & Kettle Pitcher & Glass Apple & Pear Orange & Lemon

ONE OYSTER A MEAL:

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Astronomers' Life at Cape

Ledo, Africa. Shooting Star Alarmed Two Camps and

Cannibals Huffy Because They Couldn't Sell Tainted Beef.

the U. S. S. Pensacola.

NEW YORK, June 2.-David P. Todd's party, which went to Africa on the United States Steamship Pensacola, to observe the

lipse of the sun, Dec. 22, had some interesting experiences. They landed at Cape Ledo, near the British camp. G. E. Van Gushing, who was with the party says: "We all went ashore and set fire

to the high grass and weeds near the shore. We staked out the locations and the positions of the instruments. We went up on the hills about 200 yards back to look for human habitations. We found none. There seemed to be no wild animals

Next week will tell what styles are becoming to stout and which to slender women, what colors to wear, etc.

DINAH STURGIS.

A RAILWAY TOILET.

Advice to the Traveller in the Sleeping Car.

[Harper's Bazar.]

There is no way in the little dusty plunging den of a sleeping car's dressing room to practice fine arts, with only the aid of two towels as big as handkerchiefs; still much may be accomplished by well-directed effort. To begin with, the night toilet must have been complete—that is to say, the face and hands bathed, the teeth and hair brushed in the dressing room. Then, standing inside the curtains, the garments removed one by one and folded. Let no woman attempt to sleep in any of the garments worn during the dolors. The following large and hands to be accomplished by well-directed effort, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship, dry himself out, and start back to the ship and hot the day before, and there were no signs of rain. We had no roofs on the noises and ilzards, and all sorts of crawing things on every side.

"We took ashore and set up five took ashore and set up five took ashore and set up five took ashore and all stards, and all sorts of crawing things on every side.

"The shore was very steep and there were no signs of rain. We had no roofs on the noises, and all sorts of crawing the howese, and ilza

Bartlett, O'Connor, Carbutt, Flint and I were on shore with a guard of 10 marines.

"When the boat came ashore with food for us late in the afternoon. I told the coxswain about the cannibals, and that the deck officer had better keep a lookout for us during the evening. After dark, perhaps about 7.30 o'clock, a meteor fell behind the hill. An officer on the ship saw the meteor just as it vanished, and mistook it for a falling rocket from our camp. We had arranged a signal system with the ship, and according to it the sending up of a rocket was a sign of distress. The ship immediately sent up a rocket in response to the signal we were supposed to have given. The camp answered. We thought, of course, there was trouble on the ship. After the signalling had ceased we put out the lights.

"They then thought to a certainty that we all had been murdered by the cannibals.

There was a hurry and bustling out

ship.

"We could hear the officers calling out orders and see the lights shifting. The first and second cutters, and first, second and third whaleboats were armed and equipped, third whaleboats were armed and equipped. Sailors and marines with pistols and cut-lasses leaped into the boats and pulled to the shore."

When we saw the whole string of boats

When we saw the whole string of boats coming in we asked what the trouble was. They answered that they thought we signalied 'Need a boat' and 'Danger.' Then they turned around and rowed back and unloaded themselves.

"They had hardly got aboard the ship when Prof. Taylor of the English party, who was on the Pensacola that night, noticed that the lights in his tent on the hill had been extinguished. Then he was all afre. Every one decided immediately that the British party had sent up the first rocket and that they were being murdered. So a party of marines with officers were sent ashore and up through the high grass and ditches and underbrush to the English camp. Every one there was all right, and wondering what the excitement was about. The next day our guard was increased. We all were pretty well shaken up. During the rest of our stay at Cape Ledo arms and ammunition were placed every night in four boats of the Pensacola in readiness for action.

Business Men.

Binks and Jinks meet, coming out of a restaurant. Binks-Hello, old man, I haven't seen you

for an age! How are you?

Jinks-First rate! I wish I could stop and talk to you, but I've only got five minutes which to get a train, and -Binks-I'm fixed the same way, but I want to talk to you just a moment. How did that Western land investment of yours

Jinks-Very well, indeed! Made a cool dinks—very well, indeed: Made a cool \$10,000. Here you've bought a lot of ice, to hold till the heat of the summer.

Binks—Yes, going to do well with it, too, Got 100,000 tons down at Bangor. But, I say, dooking at his watch)—I've lost my

train!
Jinks (looking at his watch)—Great Scott!
So have I, and I had an important engagement in Boston.
Binks-In Boston?

Jinks-les!
Binks-Why, that's where I was going!
Binks | We're a pair of blankety-blank
Jinks | fools!

What Victim No. 37 Said.

Chicago Tribune. The railway accident had been a terrible one, and one of the men who were carrying the 37 victims up the embankment said with strong feeling Somebody will have to pay dearly for all

The mangled passenger opened his eyes and glared at the speaker.

"The company is not to blame," he said, feebly, "this is a dispensation of Providence!"
He was the attorney for the road.

Cure for Insomnia. (Atchison Globe.)

wish find some special reason why you should get up early. It is a sure cure for insomula. You will go to sleep the moment you get to bed, and sleep till long past the hour you wanted to get up.

If you can't sleep at night as well as you

Second Nature. [American Grocer.]
"This room is very close," remarked the

ruest to the head waiter. "Can't I have a little fresh air? The well-drilled automaton raised his voice to a high pitch. "One air," he yells;

after a pause adding, "let it be fresh."



EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THE ABANDONED CLAIM.

The Serial Which Won the Prize in the Youth's Contest. BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHED.

[Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

CHAPTER I.

THE SHADOW OF DOOM. OOR fellow! He's done his last day's work," said the doc-

Burst a blood-vessel? Dying? I thought so," said the foreman under his breath. Worse than that.

Paralysis." "My God! And he "He may live for

another stroke will soon follow. That will be the end.'

The rays of the morning sun fell through the tall windows of a San Francisco furni-ture factory, and filtered through the dust-laden air until they reached the corner where the speakers were standing. At their feet lay stretched a man of un-

usual stature and almost herculean frame. He was laying on a pile of shavings, over which some sacking had been thrown. Body, limbs, muscles, even the features of his face, might have been fixed in an invisible frame of iron, so rigid and motion-

Body, limbs, muscles, even the features of his face, might have been fixed in an invisible frame of iros, so rigid and motion-less were they. Only the brown eyes, large and gentle, looked forth with a piteous expression, telling that a human soul was fall prisoned in the helpiess boils.

"Has the man any one to care for him." and was any one to care for him." and the man and the care for him." It was not been and county hospital receive such care for him." It foreman cut him short with a decisive gesture.

"Very few hard-working, forehanded mechanics ever come to that. I happen it while part of education was with the small hands clasped mechanics ever come to that. I happen it was the principal with the small hands clasped the mechanics ever come to that. I happen it was the mechanics ever come to that. I happen it was to some association of that sort. Danger of accident, you know. That has its own hospitul, and will take care of him as one as he lives.

"Has the any family?"

The foreman cut him short with a decisive gesture.

"Yesy few hard-working, forehanded mechanics ever come to that. I happen it was the care of him as one as he lives.

"Has the short man and was a parally and the the care of him as one as he lives.

The core of the first man and the school and more surprised. Hitherto he had been also so me association of that sort. Danger of accident, you know. That has its own hospitul, and will take care of him as one as he lives.

The they stood on the children. He say that has the book is welled to go the common of the common of the common of the common of the stream is face clouded.

"His wife died last year," he said, in a low voice. "There are three children. He said the was the star pupil of his school of a new life. Three children has a store by them. Here they are now,"

There they stood on the threshold of the great shop, and unconsciously, on the threshold of a new life. Three children has a store by the common of the comm

him.

"What is the matter?"

Her white lips seemed to shape the words. The physician, lingering against his will, answered shortly:

"Paralysis. He must go to the hospital."

"Why not home? We can take care of him. He will get well sooner there."

It was Ned, the eldest who spoke. The

school, when he found the children await ing him in his private office that noon. "Nothing wrong, I hope? I see you have

"Our father"-began Ned, and then his voice choked and he could not go on. "Dead?" said the master in a shocked

"Worse Paralyzed The doctor says he will never get over it. They have taken him to the hospital-to stay."
"Why, boys, that is bad!" said Mr. Rob-

"What are you going to do?" It was noticeable that he did not include the little girl, who was standing at the window looking down at her young playmates as they ran blithely through the yard on their way home to luncheon. Nobody knew it then, but Hope was at that moment say ing goodby to her childhood.

"That's just the trouble," explained Ned. may live on like gathering strength as he snoke. "It has that?"

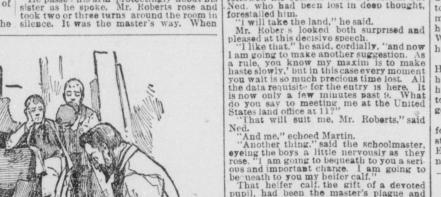
That's just the doale. "It has gathering strength as he snoke. "It has come upon us so suddenly. We don't know what to do. And we hadn't any one else to talk with.

"I suppose you have small means" "Almost nothing," said Ned, decisively "I think there are some things we could realize a little on; but nothing that could

last night. It is from Dr. John, the friend begin to support us or to start us out in any I spoke of who lives in Alameda county. It is dated at his little country place. way. We shall have to go to work, Martin The schoolmaster's face brightened. this place a dozen or more "locations" on government land could probably be made. These tract "That is the kind of spirit that always

"That is the kind of spirit that always succeeds," he said heartily. "I think we can manage it. We will hunt up places where you can go to school and work your board out of school hours.

"But we don't want to be separated. We



States land office at 11?"

"That will suit me, Mr. Roberts," said Ned.

"And me," echoed Martin.

"Another thing," said the schoolmaster, eyeing the boys a little nervously as they rose. "I am going to bequeath to you a serious and important charge. I am going to be ueath to you my heifer calf."

That heifer calf, the gift of a devoted pupil, had been the master's plague and Nemesis for months. It had drawn him into more scrapes than Mary's little lamb beguiled its mistress. It was always escaning from his adjoining yard into the school yard, frightening timid children and driving bold ones wild with delight. It had lunched on the experimental garden planted by the botany class. It had browsed on school satchels and hats and coats in the entry. It had been imprisoned in the principal's room one day by some mischievous boys, and, escaping, wandered into a class-room and greeted some visiting directors with a loud "baa-a," and then shamelessly proclaimed its ownership by sticking its nose into the master's pocket to find some hidden sweets. It had brought him into disgrace with his neighbors, and narrowly escaped becoming the subject of litigation in the courts. It had even now helped him into one more scrape, for there in the room doorway stood the donor of the calf, a handsome, curily-haired boy, his face red with vexa ion.

"If you don't want Beauty, Mr. Roberts. I'll find somebody who does. I think you might have had the politeness to tell me, instead of joking about it with the boys, As for you, Ned, and you, Martin, you just dare to lay one singer to that calf, and I'll."

"Thomas Bateman, be silent." commanded Mr. Roberts, in the tone of authority that no one ever dared disobey. "Now boys, you may go, Don't fail to meet me at 11, sharp."

"Oh, yes, those poor little shayers of Ans."

amiung.
"But see what it says here," cried Martin

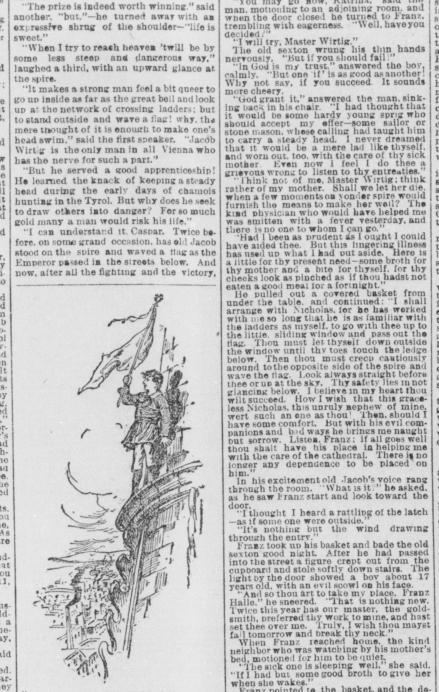
"Father and mother dead, eh?"
"The mother is dead," interposed Mr.
Roberts, in a low voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.

A Woman Writes the First Prize Story of Adventure. BY EMMA W. DEMERRITT.

"What a singular letter, and what an odd name?" exclaimed Martin.
"Yes." said the schoolmaster, absently: "he is a man with a history."
Martin looked curious. and would have followed his remark with a question, but .Ned. who had been lost in deep thought, forestalled him.

That will suit me, Mr. Roberts," said



The lips of the stricken man moved, but the foreman.

"He is trying to say something," declared the foreman.

"So str.! I am Hone."

"Gather: That must be the word, (asher what?"

"Gather: Mark man move and a grand review and such resource when also wakes.

"Gather what?"

"Gather: Gather. That must be the word, (asher what?"

"Gather: Gather. That must be the word, (asher what?"

"Gather what?"

"The both is an increase of land will one to say of the say of

slender figure of the boy as he stood, letting his eyes slowly wander from the top of the spire to the base of the tower beneath, as if measuring the frightful distance? But as he turned away, with a little gesture of despair, there rose before him the vision of a wan and weary face, as white as the pillow against which it rested, and he heard the physical can's voice as he gently replaced the wasted hand on the coverlet. "The fever has good care and plenty of nourishing food."

The money offered by old Jacob would do all that and much more. It would mean comfort for two or three years for both mother and son, with their simple way of living.

When the lad again faced the cathedral it was with an involuntary straightening of the shrinking figure.

"With God's help. I will try," he said aloud, with a determined ring to his voice, "and I must go at once to let Master Wirtig"

time to climb up and take your stand on the spire."

Up the boys went as far as the great bell, Franz clese belind Nicholas. Thus far the ascent had been easy, but from this point the steps dwindled to long, frail ladders, terminating in small platforms and steadied by it oble, with one, for the danger increased with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the slight with every turn. the lady, with a loud scream of horror.

"Wouldn't once a week or twice a month do?"

"You might make it do," said the clerk with a meaning smibe; "but you'd have to run risks."

"Five years! Oh, that would never do," said the lady impatiently. "Why! What in the world does the government suppose I want to take up its eld land for? I want to take up its eld land for? I want to take up its eld land for? I want the money for it."

'So do most people." remarked the cierk with another expressive smile.

"Now, pre-emptling sounds more sensible." continued the lady, "though how in the world I am going to bury myself there for six months I don't see. Say, don't you suppose if I dress up a dummy and set it by the window. I can come down to the citry every week or so, to go to the theatre and do a little shopping?"

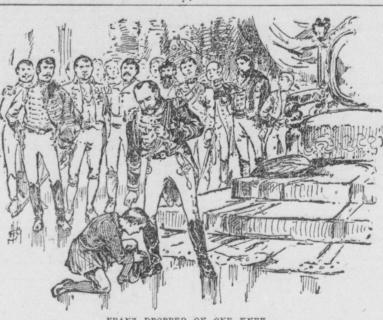
"Woman's wit will probably find a way out of the dilemma." observed the clerk.

"And then at the end of the six months I'd have to pay—let me see—two hundred dollars. And I can get thirty dollars an acre for the land as soon as I have the title. Thirty times one hundred and sixty—why, it's nearly five thousand dollars! That's not a bad speculation, aiter all."

The lady finished her caiculation with a triumphant laugh.

"Let me see your forms or whatever you call them. Oh, if you please?" extending the hand for the namphlet Martin was examiums.

"But see what it says here," cried Martin.



Roberts, in a low voice.

"And the father?"

"Here is a physician's certificate showing that the father is hopelessly incapacitated."

"Never had such a case tefore." said the hesitating that takes the courage out of one. Clerk curtly shaking his head. "We couldn't think of receiving such an application."

"We shall have to give it up, boys," said Mr. Roberts, sadly.

Ned saw all his golden hopes fading, and fris heart sank within him, but he made one last brave stand:

"I want to see the United States land"

"And the father?"

know. Now that I have finally decided, it is strange how the fear has flown. It is the hesitating that takes the courage out of one. After all—"he paced back, back, until he was far enough from the cathedral to get a good view of the noble structure.

"Who knows? It may look more difficult than it really is. 'Tis but a foothold of a few inches, but 'tis enough. If it were near the ground I should feel as safe as if I were out."

"I want to see the United States land" "We shall have to give it up, boys, said Mr. Roberts, saddy.

Ned saw all his golden hopes fading, and his heart sank within him, but he made one last brave stand:

"I want to see the United States land register himself," he said.

"The knows? It may look more difficult than it really is. 'Tis but a foothold of a few inches, but 'tis enough. If it were near the ground I should feel as safe as if I were on the floor of the great hall in the Stadt Hans. Why then, should I fear up you Haus. Why, then, should I fear up yon-

at the stately spire that towered above him. Fair and shapely it rose, with gradually receding butters and arch until tress and arch until the clatter of my shoes on the stone stairs," Up another flight and down the long narrow entry he went, and still he could not shake off the feeling that he was being followed.

At that moment a door opened and a

another and stretching upon tiptoe to read the notice nailed to the massive door. Many were the jests passed around.

"Does the old sexton think men are flies to creep along yonder dizzy height?" asked one.

"The prize is indeed worth winning." said another, "but."—he turned away with an expressive shrug of the shoulder—"life is sweat."

"He turned, impelled by a strong desire to search the tall cupboard mear the stairs and see if any one had concealed himself within, but the dread of being laughed at kept him back, and he followed the woman into a room where a gray-haired man sat. leaning wearly against the back of his chair. "You may go now, Katrina," said the man motioning to an adjoining room, and ween the door closed he turned to Franz, trembling with eagerness. "Well, have you decided."

him."
In his excitement old Jacob's voice rang through the room. "What is it?" he asked, as he saw Franz start and look toward the loor.
"I thought I heard a rattling of the latch—as if some one were outside."
"It's nothing but the wind drawing

smith, preferred thy work to mine, and hast set thee over me. Truly, I wish thou mayst fall tomorrow and break thy neck."

When Franz reached home, the kind neighbor who was watching by his mother's bed, motioned for him to be quiet. "The sick one is sleeping well," she said. "If I had but some good broth to give her when she wakes."

FRANZ DROPPED ON ONE KNEE.

shone like two stars. He climbed up nimbly through the opening and let himself carefully down to the stone ledge outside, and reacked up for the flag. A few moments passed, which seemed like ages to the waiting Nicholas. Then a cheery "All's well" rang out without a quiver in the steady voice.

be continued.)

Descontinued.

The first Prize of Adventure.

MAY DEMERRITT, ted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

NEEDS but a steady head and a clear conscience and the thing is done." Those were old Jacob's words.

"The clear conscience in the radiant light. The boy book of abruntly, and stepping but steady. If it were but three months ago, my courage would not fail me, but now."

The boy broke off abruntly, and stepping back several feet, stood looking up at the stately spire that towered above.

"The boy broke off abruntly, and stepping back several feet, stood looking up at the stately spire that towered above."

"How foolish I am!" he exclaimed. "It is but the clair of on whose on the stone became a bear up you deepened to a vivid crimson. The clouds above the horizon, which a moment before had should I fear up you deepened to a vivid crimson. The clouds above the horizon, which a moment before had shone like waves of gold, became a sea of fame. The ruddy glow illumined the cloud cathedral, touching rich carving and lace like tracery with a new splendor. The load of fame. The ruddy glow illumined the cloud cathedral, touching rich carving and lace like tracery with a new splendor. The boy made a step forward, and sliping back the little cap from his locks the little cap from h

face stole a softened expression, lighting up the swarthy lineaments like a gleam of sunshine. I will go back and undo the horrid deed," he cried, asif in answer to the good angel pleading within his breast. "I am coming, Franz! God forgive me!"

He had turned to make the ascent, and his hand was stretched out to grasp the side of the ladder, when his toe caught in a coil of rope on the platform, and missing his hold he plunged down, down, into the space beneath.

tress and arch until it terminated at a point over 400 feet from the pavement.

All day long little groups of men had straggled across the Platz and gathered in front of the great cathedral, elbowing one another and stretching upon tiptoe to read the notice nailed to the massive door. Many were the jests passed around.

"Does the old sexton think men are flies to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height? "asked to crean along yonder dizzy height?" asked to crean along yonder dizzy height. The the door opened and a hold he plunged down, down, in

cheer that foated up through the air, he knew that hissalute had been seen.

With a light heart he began to retrace his steps, edging himself cautiously, inch by inch, to the window. To his surprise the sliding wooden panel was closed! With one hand he grasped the iron ring fastened to the wall beneath the window, and with the other pushed first gently, and then with all his might, but the panel remained fast. He tried to batter it with the flagstaff, but soon found that in his cramped position it only increased his danger. Again and again he endeavored to force it open, breaking his nails and bruising his finger tips in his frenzy, but to no purpose. Suddenly the conviction dawned upon him that the window was bolted from the inside. With a despairing sob he tottered backward, but his grasp on the ring held, and with a supreme effort he pulled himself up close to the wall and tried to collect his scattered wits.

"It is no use to shout" he said alove. "It

"It is no use to shout," he said aloud. "It It is no use to shout," he said aloud. "It is more than folly to attempt to make my self neard from this height. I might as well save my strength. All that remains for me to do is to wait patiently. Some one will be sure to miss me and come to my relief. In God is my trust!" and his courage rose with the words.

The troops dishanded and the possile hun.

God is my trust!" and his courage rose with the words.

The troops disbanded, and the peoble hurried of to the brilliantly lighted cafes and theatres, all unconscious of the pale, silent boy clinging with desperate grip to the soire, with but a narrow shelf of stone between him and a horrible death.

The sunset failed into the twilight, and with a sudden wave darkness drifted over the earth. The noise in the streets grew fainter and fainter. The minutes lengthened into hours, and still the boy stood there as the night wore on, occasionally shifting his position to ease his cramped and aching limbs. The night wind pierced his thin clothing, and his hands were benumbed with the cold. One by one the bright constellations rose and glittered and dipped in the sky, and the boy still managed to keep his foothold, as rigid as the stone statues on the dome below.

"Two, three, four," pealed the bells in their hoarse, deep tones, and when the first glimmer of dawn tinged the eastern horizon with pale yellow, the baggard face lighted with expectancy, and from the ashen lips which had been moving all night in prayer came the words. "In God we trust."



of avery simple kind:
Our regiment was serving in Arizona then, and its different troops or companies were scattered over the eastern half of the wild territory, busily engaged in the work of reducing the work of the work of reducing the work of reducing the work of the work of



eye all over the broad plateau toward Jarvis' pass. The few Indian scouts with us wanted to go back forthwith.
"No use follow now." said the one who could speak a little English. "Tonto see fire and run hide."

We kept on. nevertheless, and, after quite a chase, caught the cattle, and had a lively tight, in which, as far as punishment goes, the honors were easy. It transpired that the hostiles had received accessions to their number, and, though they abandoned the beef on the hoof, they gave us about as good as they got in the way of fighting. as they got in the way of fighting.
When I asked our Indian guide how it

when I asked our indian guide how it was that they had not run and hid as he predicted he grinned, and said: "Next day see smoke, tell 'em only 20 soldiers" And then it leaked out that there had been signal smokes by day as well as the traditional pillar of fire by night.

Now it may interest the boys to know how an Indian signals with smoke: When he wants to attract attention, give warning of an enemy's coming, tell his numbers, etc., it is all a very easy matter. He simply builds a brisk little fire of perfectly dry sticks, so that there is a hot flame and very little smoke; if possible this is built in a little hollow in the ground. As soon as he heaps on over this a lot of green bush; this, of course, raises a column of heavy smoke. If the wind is not blowing it rises straight in the air and can be seen for miles and attracts the Indian eye at once.

Now to convey information; he throws a blanket over his brush-heap; that checks the smoke, confines it; then by suddenly lifting the blanket and letting a little puff, you can readily see that he can send up in separate puffs five, 10, 15 or 20 little clouds of smoke, each one entirely separate and dis-

ate puffs five. 10, 15 or 20 little clouds of snacke, each one entirely separate and distinct from the other, and each to an Indian eye visible for miles and miles.

In mountain country and in wooded country this system of signals is almost exclusively used by the Indians, but out on the



"What is the meaning of yonder crowd?" asked one of two artisans who had met while hurrying across the Platz to their work.
"What have you not heard? All Vienna is ringing with the news. It was young remove the first work is ringing with the news. It was young remove the first window near true teo was fastened on the window near true to window near true true and the poor boy was forced to say out all might clinging to the sporie. It is only a short time ago that he was discovered and brought fainting down the ladders, and there's another strange thing? Nicholas old Jacob Wistigs nephew, was naturboriy on all with was been all. Yet I very weil true, with time ago that he was discovered and brought fainting down the ladders, and to window near true true with the new sand the new and the conduct him to the left of ear line of march.

The next day Franz received a summons from the Emperor. As he followed the officer who had been sent to conduct him to the palace, to his surprise the marble stops and the corridor beyond were lined on the palace, to his surprise the marble stops and the corridor beyond were lined on the palace, to his surprise the marble stops and the corridor beyond were lined on the palace, to his surprise the marble st

The blanket is universal as a means of signal final method and in the days of the old indian red blanket they could be seen for miles. It was the blanket that conveyed to the yillages of Sitting Bull and his allies that fateful Sunday morning in June, 1876, the news that the "Longhair"—Custer—with "heap soldiers was coming fast." A number of reports, questions and answers can be made by means of the blanket, but, as in our army code of flag and torch signals, they all start from what might be called the first position, which calls attention, and simply consists in standing erect holding the blanket with hands up and outstretched as far as possible, so as to show as big a surface of the blanket as can conveniently be handled.

From this position it is easy to signal to the enemy in the midst of an engagement.

I producer, who had never held an office, asked the driller to vote for him. "Have you ever had a seat in the Legislature?" was the driller's query. "No." said the candidate. "Well" said the driller. "I'm going to vote for some man who has had experience."

Knew the Sex.

[New York Weekly.]

Good minister—I am exceedingly gratified at the wonderful increase in the attendance of men at our Wednesday. Friday and Saturday evening prayer meetings. For the past three weeks the church has been thronged with men.

His wife—It's housecleaning time,

ful on a ranch, and another of all we can share. By selling these we can raise a little over say, less what it costs us to live while over say, less what it costs us to live while over say, less what it costs us to live while over say, less what it costs us to live while over say, less what it costs us to live while over say, less what it costs us to live while over say, less what it costs us to live while over say, less what it costs us to live while over the school make the base of the tower beneath, as it most pocker. It read:

Working colahing sough for one year, Cook stove.

Kitchen taile.

Two bets and bedding.

Flenty of dishes and tabel lies.

One soul mean it, which it rested, and the lady impatiently. "Why! What a meaning smile; "but you'd have to trunk a say on more sould severely and continue to the latter of the lady of the lady with a little gesture of the base of the tower beneath, as if meaning the latter of the say on more sould severely. "So don't mean it," cried despite the lady, with a little gesture of the base of the tower beneath, as if meaning the latter of the say on more sould severely. The school in the latter of the la



"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN MY APRON?

A Sort of Kleptomania Likely to Lead to Serious Results.

LLouisville Commercial.] to see her. About a month ago he proposed and was accepted. About two weeks ago the engagement was broken, only to be patched up again shortly afterward.

The cause of the engagement being broken was that the volume man made his accuse.

to explain matters, but his sweethear would not have it, and the engagement was would not have it, and the engagement was broken. She afterward accepted his explanation and reinstated him.

This experience would have cured most people, but it did not cure him. A few nights ago he called again and entered the parlor. There was no light in the hall or in the parlor. In a short time he heard his girl coming down the steps. He stepped out into the hall and as she reached the bot tom of the stairs he enclosed her in his arms and imprinted a long, lingering kiss upon her ruby lips. Keleasing her he struck a match and lit the gas, then turning to snatch a kiss he was horrified to see before him the black cook. He gave her a dollar not to say anything about it, but it was known to all his friends, and his lite is anything but a happy one. He says that the second experience cured him of stealing kisses.

How He Secured a Wife.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Some years ago a certain lawyer, now well known, was walking down one of the fashionable streets. He came to a tiny fruit stand over which two pretty children had control. It was a conceit of the little ones, indulged in by their well-to-do

> The Value of Experience. [Venango Spectator.

didate for the Assembly nomination in this county. He is also an oil producer. About county. He is also an oil producer. About a year ago a man applied to him for a contract to drill a well. "Have you ever drilled any wells?" asked the oil man. "No." said the applicant. "Well." said the eil man. "I must have a man of experience."

Last week these two again met, and our oil producer. who had never held an office, asked the driller to vote for him. "Have you ever had a seat in the Legislature?" was the driller's query. "No." said the candidate. "Well" said the driller, "I'm going to vote for some man who has had experience."

"SHE SPED ACROSS TEE FLOOR AND KNELT BESIDE HER FATHER."

doctor turned away. The boy appealed to the foreman:

"You don't think—you don't mean—that father won't get well."

Then the blow fell upon them, and fell heavily, and many eves grew dim at sight of the children's grief.

The lips of the stricken man moved, but only an inarticulate murmur escaped.

"Gatha, Agatha, 'is your name Agatha,'" be asked the child.

"No. sr. I am Hope."

"Gather,' Gather. That must be the word, Gather what?"

Again the sick man made a desperate attempt to speak.

"Together,' It is 'together,'" said the little g.r!

The sick man's eyes brightened, but still wore the eager, anxious look that had come into them when he first saw the children.

"Father, dear, do you mean for us to keep together,'" asked the child.

"The sick man's eyes brightened, but still wore the eager, anxious look that had come into them when he first saw the children.

"Father, dear, do you mean for us to keep together,'" asked the child.

"It was hard work, blain living and life the children, "Each of the children, "I the sick man's eyes shone in answer.

"The boys are young, but they have character. They don't want charity. They mean had look or so of land. The best of profer. Agood you make of any source in the they could see the said the child.

"It work the sick man's eyes brightened, but still wore the eager, anxious look that had come into them when he first saw the children.

"The helps them in that way without hurting and call for a least of the family, and we way the six of the family and the six of the six of

day night."
"I think I'll take time by the forelock and go there today." observed the master, "Now. boys., I have a letter here that came

AT THE LAND REGISTRY OFFICE.

"You have made a wise selection, boys," said Mr. Roberts. "But speaking of garden tools reminds me of something else. Your father was a cabinet-maker. Didn't he have a set of tools?"
"Of course he did." said Martin. quiekly: "and the nicest ones you ever saw—a whole kit—everything from a brad-awl to a spirit-level." "A good set of tools ought to be worth considerable." said the schoolmaster. Have you seen anybody from the factory -since?"
"No, sir," replied Ned, "we couldn't expect it. The men work early and late. They never have any time to spare until Satur-

amining.

"But see what it says here," cried Martin, pointing to the affidavit: "I do solemnly swear—nor have I settled upon and improved said land to sell the same on speculation, but in good faith—"

"Oh. monsence," exclaimed the lady.
But don't you have to take your oath?" persisted the boy.

"What a little goose!" laughed the lady. recovering herself. "Why, everybody does so. People are doing it every day. Thousands of acres are entered that way every year, and everybody knows it."

"But isn't swearing to something that isn't true, periury?" insisted Martin, stoutly. "That's enough, young man," hastily interposed the clerk. "It's all a matter of form. Everybody understands it."

When the boys' turn came the clerk eyed them with rank disfavor, for Martin's blunt specches had not aroused the good will of the office.

"You don't mean to say that you are twenty-one years old, young man?" he demanded of Ned.

"No, sir; but I am the head of the family."

"Father and mother dead, eh?"

THE SPIRE OF ST. STEPHEN'S.



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At that moment a door opened and a

"It's nothing but the wind drawing through the entry."

Framz took up his basket and bade the old sexton good night. After he had passed into the street a figure crept out from the cuppoard and stole softly down stairs. The light by the door showed a bov about 17 years old, with an evil scowl on his face.

"And so thou art to take my place, Franz Halle." he sneered. "That is nothing new. Twice this year has our master, the goldsmith, preferred thy work to mine, and has set thee over me. Truly, I wish thou mayst

"What is the meaning of youder crowd?"

CURED OF STEALING KISSES.

A good joke is being told on a well-known young Main st. man. He is a great society man. He is handsome, polished, and something of a dandy. He is quite good looking, and a pair of glasses balanced on his aristo-cratic nose give him an intellectual air that he would not otherwise possess. For a year or so he has been deveted to a well-known young society woman. Not a week has ever passed that he has not been at least twice

The cause of the engagement being croken was that the young man made his accustomed visit. He was shown into the parlor. While sitting there he heard his betrothed coming down the stairs. He stepped to the door, and as she passed the door he leaped out and printed a kiss upan her lips. A faint scream above startled him. He looked up and saw his sweetheart at the head of the stairs. He looked down and saw that he had the housemaid in his arms. He tried to explain matters, but his sweetheart

ones, indulged in by their well-to-do parents. The judge—he was then a young lawyer—had a vein of humor in him. He stopped at the stand, picked up the fruit, ate it, and walked off without paying for it. Of course this aroused the ire of the little ones, and they began screaming and crying. A young lady came out of a mansion. She was the sister of the little ones who had been playing storehouse. They pointed out the man who had stolen their goods and eaten thereof. The young lady was indignant and overtook the young man at the corner—he was not running away, but only making believe. The young lady in a quiet but firm manner informed the young man that he hadn't done anything funny. Seeing that his act had created more disturbance than he had intended, he applogized, paid double the amount of the walue of the fruit, and walked on. Inside of 15 months he became the husband of the charming woman who had given a lecture on the street for taking her sister's fruit.

A DROP OF BLOOD;

THE MAN WITH A THUMB

BARCLAY NORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE DIAMOND BUTTON," ETC., ETC. COPTRIGHT, 1890 .- ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

John Dorison returned to New York after an absence of eight years. His father had fied while writing a letter, the contents of which, as far as finished, declared that his son had disgraced and runed him. Dorison registers at a hotel under the name of Dunbar and then goes down Bleecker st. to look at the old homestead. In the basement is a barroom, while upstairs is Mme. Delamour's costuming establishment.

In the barroom Dorison meets an old friend of his father, to whom alone he contides his identity. While in this place a drop of blood comes through the ceiling.

Dorison is the first to ascend to the rooms above. On the floor he discovers a young woman weltering in her blood.

With the murder, do you?" asked Dorison, amused by the directness of the old man used by ou are no tagood actor. Any one could see you were not a good actor. Any one could see you were not a good actor. Any one could

above. On the floor he discovers a young

woman weltering in her blood. He finds in her hand pieces of paper, with lie writing like that of his father, and also a locket containing his father's portrait.

CHAPTER IIL

"HOW FORTUNE PLIES HER SPORTS." John Dorison awoke the next morning betimes, with an uneasy sense of having passed through a nightmare. It was some moments before he could recall the events of the night previous. When he did, he pf the night previous. When he did, he leaped quickly from his bed, for by them was also recalled a resolution to seek Mr. Nettleman as early as possible, to inform him of the assumed name he had given the police the night previous, and to beg him to assist him in preserving his incognito.

Dorison did not fear implication in the local was concealing. After my trouble and when I fled the city I changed my name."

murder, though he knew that the detective ! regarded him with more or less suspicion. what he did fear. nowever, was that if his proper name were known it would awaken recollection of the events attending and the consequences of his father's unfinished let-

"Oh," said the old gentleman, highly interested. "Were you the one who first saw the drop of blood?"

"Not that, but I was the one who forced my way through the rear, found the body and unfastened the door for the nolice."

"But the papers says it was a man named Dudley-James Dudley. That is as near as the papers get to it."

"The papers are right on the information given them," said Dorison. "It is about that very name I have hurried so early to see you this morning. You will recollect I told you that when I left the city eight years ago, I did so under an assumed name. That was the name I used, and under it I registered when I returned to town yesterday morning."

The old gentleman recollected well, and Dorison hastily recounted his fears that the police would discover the assumed name through Mr. Nettleman, if not warned in time, and giving his reasons for desiring to preserve his incognition, be begged the old gentleman to assist him in preserving it.

At this point they were interrupted by a caller. Handing the paper to Dorison, the old gentleman sat himself down with the stranger in a remote corner of the room, where he held a whispered conversation.

After the stranger departed Mr. Nettleman returned to Dorison, his fine old face wreathed in smiles.

Not a moment too soon. That was an agent of the police come to inquire about you, just as you had anticipated. Oh, I was discreet! Do not be alarmed. I vouched for you. I assured him your name was Dudley, that you had arrived in New York yesterday morning after an eight years' absence, and I told him the one he was inquiring about was you sitting there. I threw the mantle of my friendship and protection about you."

Well pleased that he had moved so promptly, and congratulating himself over his narrow escape, Dorison attempted to lead their conversation back to the subject interruption.

A short, stout elderly man entered, whom The old gentleman recollected well, and

pher interruption.

A short, stout elderly man entered, whom Petison at once recognized as the old man who had pushed his way into the room of the marder, with both hands in his vest bockets, the night previous, and who had lone not a little toward directing suspicion lowerd humself.

"I mean it." added Cathcart. "I had determined to enter upon the case of the murder before I came here, and I foresee I shall need Just such a man as you are. It will be hard work, and you will find me a hard taskmaster. I offer you small wages because there is the additional menuive in the possibility of the discovery of the secret that worries you. Come, is it a bargain?" "Where is your profit?" asked Dorison. "That is my affair." sharply replied Cathcart and seeing Dorison's face darken he added. There is plenty of profit for me, but I am not going to tell how or how much." "I will accept the employment," said Dorison. loward himself.
As he entered Mr. Nettleman cried out "I will accept the employment," said Dorison.
"I do not see why 1 am pushed aside." said Nettleman, reproachfully. "Do you think I have no interest in this matter." I am comparatively rich, young man and what I am I owe to the aid your father gave me over many years. That mystery which has clouded his name has been a sorrow to me these many years, and I've wanted to clear it up, without seeing my way clear to beginning until now. I can do but little ocularly:
"Hello, Simon the Cellarer! Come here

"Hello, Simon the Cellarer! Come here and sit."

The old man crossed the room with a contorted face which required the aid of imagination to recognize as a smile.

As he sat down, Mr. Nettleman in high spirits said, turning to Dorison:

"My young sir, I want you to know this man, He is my cousin, who was brought up with me. Simon Catheart. I call him Simon Cellarer. Did you ever hear of Vidocq? There he is. Only a greater one. He's a ferret—a ferret, sir."

The old gentleman leaned back in his chair greatly amused over his own wit and the perplexed face of Dorison.

All the time the sharp little eyes of the new-comer were keenly scrutinizing Dorison.

"My cousin." he said slowly. "is a very

As he said down. Mr. Nettleman in high spirits said, turning to Dorison:

"My young sir, I wantyou to know this man. He is any cousin, who was brought by with me. Simon Cathcart, I call him Simon Celiarer. Did you ever hear of videocy? There he is Only a greater one. He's a ferrete is Only a greater or to deep the said Cathcart, before Dorison could in the said said cathcart, before Dorison could interpose a word. Then turning to the young he said cathcart, before Dorison could interpose a word. Then turning to the young he said slowly. "is a very funny man. He thinks it very funny that I, who have spent my life as a detective in the West, having accumulated enough money to make me independent at least, should, having nothing in the world food follow from interest occasionally my old business. Well, I don't object. I get even with him, for he has to look after my investments for the privilege of i eing funny at my expense. It was you," he continued, breaking off suddenly into a new subject. "He HEARING EAR AND THE SEEING FYE."

Chapter IV.

"He HEARING EAR AND THE SEEING FYE."

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"He HEARING EAR AND THE SEEING FYE."

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"He HEARING EAR AND THE SEEING FYE."

Chapter IV.

"How one these anything about him to rent the floor where were keenly scrutinizing Dorison and Nettleman together, astonished at his abrupt departure.

"What did he look like?"

"I and like you ver hear anything about him clease a sorrow to the was coming. And hiss Annie wat the way he was the fine they wanted for him and let him in herself, who have spent my life as a detective in the well and stay there until find some means to get that shadow off your send the world to do follow from interest occasionally my old business. Well, I don't object. I get even with him, for he has to look after my investments for the privilege of i eing funny at my expense. It was you," he continued, breaking off suddenly into a new subject. I get even when he was onto my the base of the Bleecker st, property. The agent was will min to tent the

her name was Farish-Mrs. Emma Farish-and her address was No. -, East 16th st. Who the young woman reported to have been killed in her place was, he did not

Upon this information Cathcart determined to go directly to Mrs. Farish.

On nearing the house, he saw a group of people gathered at the foot of the steps of the dwelling. A policeman stood at the foot f the steps, and another guarded the door

of the steps, and another guarded the steps, the top.

"They have brought the body of the girl to the house of Mrs. Farish." he muttered to himself. "She must have been nearer than a mere employe."

Reaching the foot of the steps. he said to the policeman: "Who is in charge?"

"Capt. Lawtom."

He mounted the steps, and though the guardian of the door stopped him, he said, "I am on this business and must see Capt. Lawton."

open a costumer's business, with which, in her younger days, she had been familiar; that while she could, if it were required, present references, still, as she had for 25 years been regarded as independent in cir-

"I am on this business and must see Capt. Lawton."

He stepped through the door and encountered the captain in the hall.

"They have brought the body of the girl here, then?" he said.

The captain stared at him, and without reply vointed to the door leading into the parlor.

He entered. Accustomed as he was to such scenes, this one shocked him.

On the floor lay the body of a gray-haired woman. As in the other case she was weltering in her blood. The two had been killed in a similar manner.

The captain had followed him to the door, keenly observant of him. Turning, he said:

"Mrs. Farish?"

The captain nodded in acquisesence.

"Yes, charging his only son with certain crimes."
The same. And you recollect I said I believed the son to be innocent?"
"Yes, You said that the letter was to be accounted for on one of two grounds. Either Mr. Dorison was insane, or that if he had been bermitted to finish his letter it would have been found he did not charge his son with those things."
"Precisely."

"Frecisely."
"And I told you that if you had stated or rectly the words of that letter, the second ground fell and you'd have to stand on he first. And I further said that it would be a very pretty case to work up."
"Precisely. Well, this young man is the or." "Mrs. Farish?"
The captain nodded in acquiescence.
"Mme. Delamour?" he added.
An expression of wonder passed over the etective's face, and bidding Catheart folow him, he led the way upstairs and into he front room on the second hoor, closing he door after him.
"Now then," he said, "what do you mean y that?" that?" asked Cathcart, in return. By what?" asked Cathcart, in return. By calling Mrs. Farish, Mme. Delamour" Because Mme. Delamour was Mrs. Far-

How do you know that?"

"The same way you do."
"But I don't know it."
"One of your men called on the agent who has charge of the Bleecker st. property before I did, and was told the two were one, as I was. Mme. Delamour, an assumed name to conduct the business of costuming under-real name, Farish; address, this house." "Now," said Mr. Nettleman, briskly and

here, and what connection there cou ave been between that girl and my father

The ex-detective got up and, placing his ands in his vest pockets, walked up and lown the room in a deep study, the others yatching him as he walked.

After a time he said to Dorison:

"You want to find out the mystery of that

finished letter, and to prove that the arges under which you have rested for

I do, most earnestly."
I earnestly want to find out who con

itted that murder. I am impressed we to itted that murder. I am impressed we to idea that in the discovery of the coil be found the revelation of the other well then, let us join our forces and we give ourselves up to it and do nothing els

ght years are unfounded

new phase this case has assumed."
Upon the summons of the captain the girl came into the room, worn, trembling and rightened.
"Whose picture is that?" asked Cathcart,
"Miss Anne's," replied the girl in a faltering voice. Who is Miss Anne? Mrs. Farish's daugh-

"Yes, sir."
Cathcart handed the picture to the captain, and showing the other to the girl, asked whose that was.
"Mrs. Farish," replied the girl.
"The mother of Miss Anne?"
"Yes, sir."

mitted that murder. I am impressed with the idea that in the discovery of the one will be found the revelation of the other. Well then, let us join our forces and work—give ourselves up to it and do interest and cerned." Said Dodison.

"There is an obstacle so far as l am concerned." Said Dodison.

"What?"

"I am without funds. I work for my living and must return to Dubuque to my position."

"There is none," cried Nettleman. "I have plenty. and—"

The young man interrupted the impetuous proffer with an indignant gesture, saying:

"I am not an object of charity."

"Will you take employment from me?" asked Cathcart calmly. Perceiving the young man to hesitate. he added: "The pay will be \$175 a month and expenses, employment to continue until the murder of last night is ferreted out."

The young man's blood fushed into his face, and he inclined a glance full of wonder upon the one making to him so singular a proposition.

"I mean it." added Cathcart. "I had determined to enter upon the case of the murder before I came here, and I foresee I shall

"No. sir. she would go out later and come back earlier."

"Were Mrs. Farish and her daughter in the habit of being out a good deal?"

"No. sir, not much. About three weeks ago they began to be out a good deal, but not regular until a week ago."

"Did Mrs. Farish have any business."

"What?" asked the girl, unable to understand

stand.
"Did Mrs. Farish have to earn money?"
"No, sir: she owned this house and had money in the bank."
"How long have you lived with her?"
"Going on three years."
"Did Mrs. Farish have plenty of visitors—conveny, you know?"

company, you know?"
"No. sir. Very few. Sometimes a neigh-bor would ca lin." in't she have any relatives to come "Who was he?"
"She didn't any. I've heard say she hadn't but one, and he lived out West."
"Who was he?"
"She didn't say. Once in a long time a young man would come to the house."
"Who was he?"
"I'don't know."

"I don't know,"
"Didn't you ever hear anything about

cumstances, she did not care to call upon them, and would therefore pay the rent quarterly in advance; and this she thought
was all the more necessary as she had determined to conduct her business under the
name of Mme. Delamour; as a matter of fact
her name was Farish—Mrs. Emma Farish—
catheard naving finished, he dismissed the

"Was Mrs. Farish pretty comfortable
about money?"

"This is the shock you must brace up
against. In another part of the city last
listener, not interfering in the examination.
Cathcard naving finished, he dismissed the quarterly in advance; and this she thought

"Nothing." The case is as dark as night. That young man is worth looking after."

'Ves. I had got to that point out of the girl before. You got two additional onesthat he was angry the day he stayed so long; and that the daughter cried and the mother was sad whenever he came. I have searched the house systematically from top to bottom and found nothing to throw any light on the deed or the people—no letters or documents in the house."

"The place in Bleekerst, wants a thorough search now."

"The place in Bleekerst, wants a thorough search now."

"It will have it today."

"If that young man is all right, he'll turn up of his own accord; if crooked, he won't."

"His failure to turn up will make the more reason for looking for him. But how and where to begin the search for him?"

To this the old detective made no reply, but thrusting his hands in his vest pockets walked out of the room, and descending the stairs entered the parlor where the body lay, carefully noting every article in the room and their disposition. His keen eyes perceived something lying on the floor near and partially under the body. He beckoned to the captain standing at the door and pointed to it. The officer, bending down, said:

"Ah a glove-e man's glove."

"Ah. a glove—a man's glove."
"A clue," said Cathcart.

"LETS IN NEW LIGHT THROUGH CHINKS." The captain stretched forth his hand to pick up the glove, but Cathcart restrained him. Looking about the room he found a small straw fan. Carefully lifting the glove at the wrist, he skilfully thrust the fan under the glove so that it rested upon the fan without its form having been disturbed. The hand of the man that will fit this glove is the hand of the man who did this deed." said Cathcart, straightening up and carrying the glove into the light to examine

"Criminals have been brought to justice from a clue less than this." The captain was deeply interested. "The hand this glove fitted," said Cath cart, "is not that of a workingman, yet one whose bones are naturally large and whose knuckles and joints are prominent. See

"That is the name he has been known by since he left the city eight years ago. He returned yesterday morning and revealed himself to one of his father's old friends—old man Nettleman."
"Yes," interrupted the captain, "the man he talked with in the saloon."

e talked with in the saloon."
"The same."
"But." said the captain loth to give up a cossible clue. "how do you account for his xtreme familiarity with the house in the captain at house on the first night of his return?"
"He was born there. Idle curiosity while ut for fresh air took him to look at the ouse of his birth, since he was in the neighhouse of his birth, since he was in the neighborhood."
'True," mused the captain, "that was Dorison's house. I had forgotten it."
"Having given you this information concerning him, and standing ready to give you any more you may want. I ask you to take the shadow off."
"Why?"

day. Intensely interested and shocked as

he was over the second murder, Dorsson

Dorison's house. I had forgotten it."

"Having given you this information concerning him, and standing ready to give you any more you may want, I ask you to take the shadow off."

"Why?"

"I have undert ken to discover the mystery of that unfinished letter."

"You believe the son. then, and not the father?"

"I believe the son is innocent of what appear to be charges in a letter death prevented the father from finishing."

"It will be difficult to trace the matter after this lapse of time."

"Our people do not agree with your view of the case."

"Possibly, Was anything ever found in the young man's life to give color to the charge?"

"No; that was the puzzler. But the charges were distinct and meaning the power of the dean creases and reason aloud. If you discover a taw in my argument put the contract of the case and creams and the color and reason aloud. If you discover a taw in my argument put the color and the power of the case and creams were absenced as he was over the second murder, Dorson could not but wonder at the cool, matter-of-fact manner in which Catheart recited the event of the death of Mrs. Farish. He event of Mrs. Farish. He event of the death of Mrs. Farish. He event of Mrs. Farish. He event

deep distress—once eight years ago, when she refused to explain the cause, but immediately dresses in mourning, and the daughter withdraws from all association with the farishes, which women?"

"Since I have been pastor of this church, move some 12 years. Eoth mother and daughter were enrolled members of the consergation when I came to it."

"Did you know anything of their surroundings?"

"Did you know anything of their antecedents?"

"Did you learn anything of their antecedents?"

"Why, no, when I assumed charge their places in the congregation were fixed, and places in the congregation were fixed, and intervals, and presumed by the connected."

"Why, no, when I assumed charge their places in the congregation were fixed, and intervals, and presumed by the connected."

"Why, no, when I assumed charge their places in the congregation were fixed, and intervals, and presumed by the connected."

"Why, no, when I assumed charge their places in the congregation were fixed, and intervals, and presumed by the connected."

"Why, no, when I assumed charge their places in the congregation were fixed, and intervals, and presumed by the content of the woman in his private life eyer lived. Of the mother, with which the caller at stated intervals, and presumed by the content of the woman in his private life eyer lived. Of the mother, with which the caller at stated intervals, and presumed by the content of the woman in his private life eyer lived. Of the mother, with which the caller at stated in the congregation were fixed, and it is a connected."

"Inference: There was something—a facing the mother thinks better of it and says she with mether this identity being known. Catheart had a theory as to Reuben Dorison died eight years ago, coincidental with the apparature of it the dealer at which the apparature of the withdraws from all association with dealer the circle in which he had moved. And he house to edge the younger Dorison into it, without his identity being known. Catheart had a theory as to Reuben Dorison died eight

then by the other members. They unobtrusive people, re-erved, not ing society, talking not at all of them. If They took little part in the social of the church, but were not remiss in dittes."

Independent of the church, but were not remiss in the church?"

Intervals, and presumably Reuben Dorison, is connected.

Intervals and presumable Authorise on the fectly happy."

Intervals and presumable Authorise on the fectly happy."

Intervals and presumable A

dents?"
Why, no? when I assumed charge their aces in the congregation were fixed, and accepted them at the valuation placed on them by the other members. They are unobtrusive people, re-erved, not king society, talking not at all of them-lyes. I made regular pastoral calls upon em. They took little part in the social ie of the church, but were not remiss in eir duties." on the church?"
I can recall none that were noticeable."
Did not the young lady mingle with the she did when I first came, but when she

"Inference: The caller at stated intervals and the walker in Union sq. are one and the same.

"Near the body of the mother was found a man's glove, the form of which shows it was worn by a man with a large hand, prominent knuckles and joints, whose thumb was disproportionately long. This glove was cut and made to fit only the hand that wore it, an indication that the wearer was a man exceedingly particular as to his personal appearance and nice as to his appearel.

"Inference: First, as the walker in Union sq. was noticeable because of his fine dress, and as the wearer of the glove was, as it indicates, carreful as to his appearance, the wearer of the glove, the walker in Union sq. and the caller at stated intervals were one and the same. Second, as the glove was found close to the body of the mother after. "One more point: Inasmuch as after the mother. Third, if of the mother, then of the daughter.

"One more point: Inasmuch as after the two women engaged in the costuming business it was the hapit of the mother to return home before the daughter, and the daughter to return at 6, and as the servant leit Mrs. Farish alone at s there is reason to believe that the daughter was murdered first and mother after.

"Now, as to a theory: Mrs. Farish had

"Did not the young lady mingle with the young people?"

"She did when I first came, but when she was about 20, say six years ago, she abruntly withdrew herself."

"Can you recall anything within your knowledge which at any time seemed unsommon, or out of way, mysterious, so to speak?" asked Catheart.

The minister thought a few moments.

"Well, sir." he said at length. "I have often said to my wite that Mrs. Farish gave me the impression of a woman with a history. To me, though others laughed at the idea, there was a suggestion of sadness under what was normally a bright, cheerful disposition. I do not know if I make myself plain. Under a sweet, equable temper, there was to me signs of latent grief, settled to be sure, but the cause of constant sorrow, shortly after I came here, I remarked this to her. She did not seem well pleased, but answered that in her youg days she had passed through a period of deep sorrow, and she supposed it had left its impressions upon her. On another occasion when Mrs. Farish was calling at the parsonage, my wife, referring to a case just then occupying a great deal of space in the public press, bore down heavily on the woman involved, when Mrs. Farish, much agitated and evincing an impatience foreign to her cried out to my wife to be merciful. There are lives, she said, 'that God alone can see the innocence of, but which a censorious world would pronounce evil?' Then she added these singular words, addressing my wife: 'Judge not, lest ye be judged. Your condemnation of this produced to console her she would say nothing as to its cause. At that time she put on mourning, which she wore ever after, and it was at that time that the daughter withdrew from association with the young people. This is all I can recollect. I think. Stop, there is one more incident.''

"One day about three years ago I had been from home in attendance upon a funeral, and returning was told that Mrs. Farish had been awaiting me in the study a long time. Going to her I found her in great trouble. She said, howev The standard of the standard o

bis hotel in an aimless manner, inexpressibly bored by his compulsory inaction. When he saw Cathcart, his face lighted up, and be greeted the old max effusively.

"How long am I to remain a prisoner here," he asked.

"No longer." replied Cathcart. "The shadow has been removed and you are free to come and go at your will. Come and dine with me. I want to talk over the events of the day with you."

As much pleased as if he had been released from actual imprisomment, Dorison accompanied the old detective to a quiet restaurant in University pl., where they could secure themselves against interruption, While they dined Cathcart detailed to the young man the occurrences of the day. Intensely interested and shocked as he were now the good and your work will begin very show the secure in the secur

meither you nor myself will. We will go to work on it, and your work will begin very soon."

Dorison looked up interested.
"My plans," continued Cathcart, "have been materially changed by the events of today, especially as to your work. It is my belief that the owner of that glove is to be found in the places frequented by young men of fashion. And it is in those places i want you to look for him."

"That I presume I can do without especial shrewdness."

"do not intend to give you my reasons for the plans I have formed. Reasons I always keep to myself. But, for reasens of my own, I want vou to be informed upon the ways of the young men of the day and the young men themselves. To do this you must know them, associate with them, and to a certain extent be one of them. Hence, I want to set you on foot as soon as possible as a young man of fashion about town. Your business you are to keep closely to yourself; never itsping it to any one, and you will not be required to do any work which will betray it. You have geen a young man of fashion once; you can easily resume the role."

"I have no desire to do so now," replied Dorisou, by no means pleased with the line."

Lant talked in whispers.

"What is it? asked the captain. "What did you bring him here for."

"A bare chance, "replied Cathcart; "he did you bring him here for."

"A bare chance, "replied Cathcart; "he did you bring him here for."

"The captain. The does not know the meaning of his visit."

The captain closely examined the fage of Cathcart is the was thus glibly lying, but it was inscrutable.

"Now what have you to tell me?" asked the captain. "What did you bring him here for."

The captain closely examined the fage of Cathcart: "He does not know the meaning of his visit."

The captain closely examined the fage of Cathcart is he was thus glibly lying. but it was inscrutable.

"Now what have you to tell me?" asked the captain.

"Only as to what I have been at work on. Mrs. Farish's life, but what I have found there was some strange or wrong event in Mrs. Fa The seeple do not agree with your view of the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the color to the control of the voning man. He to give color to the color to the

"Did Mrs. Farish and her daughter go out visiting."

"In ever knew them do so. They lived by themselves."

"Did they go to church?"

"Every sunday, twice a day, down here to the church on the corner. The minister, impressed by the manner of the old detective, did as he was requested.

"Now that you are seated." continued tachear, "left em tell you that, your visit tan be of no use. There is no daughter to console."

"Ms. Garman, used to come once in a while to see them."

"In exercised by the manner of the old detective, did as he was requested." Continued tachear, "left em tell you that, your visit tan be of no use. There is no daughter to console."

"Now that you are seated." continued tachear, "left em tell you that, your, woundering."

"In exercise the property sunday, twice a day, down here to the church on the corner. The minister, impressed by the manner of the old detective, did as he was requested." Continued tachear, "left em tell you that your and the property sunday, twice a day, down here to the church on the corner. The minister, impressed by the manner of the old detective, did as he was requested." Continued tachear, "left em tell you that, your visit to come once in a while to see them."

"Now that you are seated." continued tachear, "left em tell you that your, woundering."

"In the geomed to be, sir."

"All as seemed to be, sir."

"All as the property comfortable and the season of the property of the the property of the console."

"Now that you are seated." continued the daughter to console."

"In the geomed to be, sir."

"All this much the captain had been a close list. The two wound interest the property of the thing the property of the season and proper lives, and the sale of no use. There is no daughter to console."

"Now that you are seated." continued the daughter of the double in the follow the duple of the double of the property of the support of the s

the hand you are to seek. And let me tell you there is as much character in a hand as in a face. Impress it on your memory, burn it in, and when you have fastened it on your mind, turn to me and say. 'No. I never saw this glove. I do not recognize it.' Do you understand?"

Assuring the old man he did, Dorison followed him into the building and into the office of the detective we have twice met before in the course of our narrative. The detective himself was seated in his office chair, his feet stretched eut, his haads in his pockets. his chin on his breast, and his face wearing a gloomy, perplexed expression.

That when the big audience came out of the Bijou last Tuesday might it saw a crowd of well-dressed men rush for a man with a tray of gold pieces hanging from his neck, and on his breast a piacard, and on his breast a piacard, and on his pockets than two minutes. He walked away with \$100. They disappeared with experience.

READING HIS TITLE.

How Webster Caused a Good Man to Change His Music

As he perceived his visitor, he brightened up and rose to greet Cathcart.

"Ah," he said. "I am glad you have come. I was this moment desiring to see you. Have you anything new?"

"I have something to say to you," replied Cathcart gravely. "But first I want my friend Dudley to see that glove we found."

The detective, who had not greeted Dorison, though he had recognized him, now addressed a salutation to him, and bending over his desk moved a newspaper revealing the glove under a glass, still on the little fan on which it had been placed. Cathcart took it, and, moving the glass, handed it to Dorison, who carried it to the light. He expended five minutes in its examination. Turning, he handed it back to Cathcart with the words the old detective had bade him utter.

"I thought you had something to say to me." he said.
"Yes." replied Cathcart, "Excuse me, Mr. Dudley."
Taking this as an intimation to remove himself as far as possible Dorison took a seat near the door. Cathcart and the captain talked in whispers.
"What is it?" asked the captain. "What did you bring him here for?"
"A bare chance." replied Cathcart: "he talked to me of a man with a long thumb, and I brought him here to see if he could recognize it. He does not know the meaning of his vist."

The captain closely examined the face of Cathcart as he was thus glibly lying, but it was inscrutable.

without his identity being known.

Cathcart had a theory as to Keuben DorThey narred at the door. or night."
They parted at the door.
Dorson followed the old detective into
the street, when he said:
"You have those torn scraps of paper
safe?"

safe?"
"Yes," replied Dorison.
"Hold fast to them. Put them in a safe place. The time may come when they will be of the utmost value."
On the corner of Broadway and Bleeker st. Catheart halted and said:
"My vist has turned out better than I could have expected. The captain has given the case into my hands. Now I've tot it. It's a question of time only. No interference now by blunderers. I know the man and how to catch him with proof."
"You know the man?" said Dorison, surprised.

prised.
"Yes, I know the man. 'That is to say—'
The old detective stopped suddenly and attentively regarded a man passing on the other side of the street. Without a word he slipped across leaving Dorison so astounded he could do nothing but stare after him as he nimbly followed the man who had attracted his attention. him as he nimbly followe had attracted his attention.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] WISTFUL.

She died the biss year achieves here st.—in 1851.

"Ah, 28 years ago."

Whatever he thought he was exceedingly busy in these days, leaving Dorison much to himself. About two weeks after the young man had entered upon his second career as a man of fashion, as Cathcart called it, the old detective made his appearance at Dorison's rooms. It was early in the morning, before the young man was out of bed. He pushed himself into the sleeping-room and sat himself upon the bed as he talked. (All the Year Round.) Dear, it is hard to stand so near thy life, yet so apart; So near—I think so near—thine heart; So near that I could touch thine hand, And yet so far I dare not take That hand in mine for love's dear sake!

So near that I can look my fill At stated times upon thy face; So far that I must yield a place To others, sore against my will! So near that I can see thee smile, So far, my poor heart aches the while!

Dear, it is hard to know Whate'er the stress, the storm, the strife,
The fret, the sadness of thy life,
I have no power, no right to show
Love in my heart, love on my lips,

No right to share thy hopes, thy fears. Through all the weary, we ary years.

That bliss may meet thee, full and fair, Wherein poor I can have no share; Dear, it is hard. But God doth know

How leal the heart that beats for thee; It is enough, enough for me, Love can live on for its own sake,
Though eyes may weep, though heart may ache!

LOST HIS BET. The New Ending to a Good Old

"Do it? He's got to do it or fork over to me \$500. That was the bet. If he isn't there with his tray after the performance I'll take his money. Harold holds the stakes. But you should see his get-up! It's killing! He's shabby genteel from crown to heel! And his face! He's awfully afraid that he will be recognized by some of his swell friends, but his own mother wouldn't know him behind that black beard and mustache. If he sells them all I'm out \$500, but if he doesn't I'm a winner. I guess I'll win. Of course, if he sells them I'm out \$1000 more, which will make \$1500. But, Lord! I've got a cinch. There goes the bell for the curtain. He won'tsell one. Come on," and two well-dressed young gentlemen left Phil Milligan's in time to see the last act of "The City Directory."

Two of a party of men-about-town overheard the above, and immediately conveyed it to their friends. The result was that when the big audlence came out of the Bijou last Tuesday night it saw a crowd of will be recognized by some of his swell

Change His Music.

If a stranger will go into a store in Franklin, N. H., any Saturday evening he will hear a story about how Daniel Webster won the everlasting gratitude of an old farmer by the name of Read. Deacon Read was very religious and musical withal. His favorite tune was the doxology, and whether at home or away, at work or musing by the fireside he could be heard

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Fraise Him all creatures here below.

As time went on the deacon prospered, and swapped his small farm for one much larger. After the exchange had been made the good man found out that there was a flaw in the deed to his new place and he applied to Webster, then a rising young lawyer, to make things straight. It was a hard struggle and a costly one, but Webster at last won, and from that time on the deacon quit "doxology" and sang:

When I can Read my title clear. When I can Read my title clear.

Footwear Hurts the Crops. Fashion's mandate that purses, reticules, travelling bags and foot wear must be made fravelling bags and foot wear must be made of alligator hide has made alligator hunting an industry in Louisiana and Florida, and the monsters are being rapidly exterminated. So marked has been the destruction that the police jury of Plaquemines parish, Louisiana have been compelled to prohibit further hunting. It seems that alligators feed largely on muskrats, and since the lessening of the number of the former the rats have increased enormously and have seriously damaged the crops.

They Agreed. [St. Louis Magazine.] Robinson -- I like an even-tempered Brown-So do I.

woman.

Boston Weekly Globe. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890.

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"Were not the eye made to receive the rays could the God-like charm us?"-[Goethe.

LABOR-SAVING IN LEARNING.

when the university was almost the only posed duel between Charles Surface and Sir | the water snake or the kingfisher, or the

in the other industries, and we are glad to presence of mind. see old Harvard taking the initiative.

SEND IN YOUR RECIPES.

Every housekeeper treasures at least has never found a place in any cook WEEKLYGLOBE wishes to open an exchange it earnestly invites its friends to send in spoke the words set down for him. to it whatever recipes they may have found useful and good for themselves.

All may rest assured that in this way they will receive far more than they can possibly give. Beyond that it must be a solid a certain performance of the Bostonians satisfaction for any woman to know that last winter a favorite actor, evidently out of her own knowledge she may be able presuming upon his popularity with tell you. He is where I found him. to help her sisters of less experience and Boston audiences, introduced a silly training in the primal art of cooking.

Recipes for summer dishes are obviously more desirable than any other at this sea- der of the opera there was not a single son, but then a really good thing is always departure from the text, and the company worth telling and reading.

attached to the contributions or they come anonymously, all will be equally accept-

THE LAST PIECE.

had of this unseen Capt. Manners, for I did not appreciate the allegory implied by his

Subscribers who approve of the efforts In these days of restaurant meals Capt. Manners is entirely forgotten. We have paid for our portion, and should consider it poor economy to leave anything in the dish. WERKLY GLOBE regularly and free from But ought our restaurant habits to be allowed to invade our table manners, and ought we not still to impress upon our children some respect for the captain?

As long ago as PLUTARCH's time this question aroux, which he discusses in his voided when it is taken away, but will have that they would intimate that some of our | them. present enjoyments should be left for the

classed among "Fables for Children." the TENNYSON family at the Isle of Wight she helped herself to the last peach in the dren, who had been brought up to consider that this was not "good manners," exclaimed against her act in a word which we will not repeat. The child, though well brought up, in this case made a mistake, for the royal lady, if the tale be true, doubtless wished to show that she did not suppose this to be the last peach, and showed a delicacy in taking it.

With it for any money.

**Figure 2 gives us another view of the stylish Toreador jacket, originated by me. This one is of fine bronze-brown Venetian of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around nex delicacy in taking it.

But the lesson of "The Last Piece" cannot be too strongly enforced; for it is the lesson of the consideration of somebedy ried times. It is "good manners" not to take all, but to leave something for somebody else. It is the lesson of the Declara-The Farm Journal is the leading all these others are "equal" to ourselves, and have equal rights. It is the polite person who does not take the last piece, the last pin, the last match, the last toothpick, more. He treats it as if it were not there for bination with The Weekly Globe. greater need, who has rights equal to his consideration for others. LUCRETIA P. HALE.

GAGGING ON THE STAGE.

a laugh. There have been occasions when a change strangely? of the sun, it could not behold the sun; if the or interpolation was spontaneous, so bright The oldest of them is a snapping turtle, peculiar power of God lay not in us, how and to the point, that the audience have and a great angler he is in truth, 1 amseen at once the impromptu wit, and ap- bushed him as he lay asleep on a log one plauded its author for his sharpness. Once, day and on his back was written, A. D. when Dickens was playing in amateur 1710. That makes him 180 years old-an The proposal of President Eliot and some | theatricals, one of the actors left the stage | age that all good anglers ought to live to. of the leading professors of Harvard to in- with such a woe-begone expression of coun- Do you tell me "That was a lie. he could'nt angurate a three-years' course in that wener- tenance that the novelist whispered confi- be so old?" It may be so-I wont quarrel able institution finds a favorable response dentially over the footlights: "He looks as with you, friend. Regard it as a bit of hisfrom Prof. Remsen, acting president of if he were going to have his hair cut," a tory, and I will agree with you. But he is a Johns Hopkins University, and is favorably sally that was rewarded with shouts of great angler, this old turtle, and has caught commented upon by leading journals in all laughter. LESTER WALLACK tells a good more trout than any angler who reads this story of an impromptu gag in the "School passage-ten to one, I warrant. The "long haul" system belongs to times for Scandal." Crabtree, describing the sup-The four system escorage to times when the university was almost the delivered Clarics startles and Strategy of the start of the water make or the kinglisher, or the property of the start of the water make or the kinglisher, or the water make or the kinglisher, or the property of the water makes or the start of the water makes or the water make or the water

succeed in the professions are men who citizen is to keep the peace," but by cleverly beaver, with their sharp teeth, cut the trees pany visited the hospital and reported him struggle through college in poverty and changing the text and announcing that the centuries ago, is so real and genuine that it wounds. His death was reported to his citizen's first duty was to "keep his seat" charges its influence to the very core of New conditions of society naturally de- the panic was averted, and the player re- me. It is so natural that it makes me more mand "labor-saving" in learning as well as | warded with unbounded applause for his 30.

Few actors seem to realize that their inin the audience, and that the applause they may receive for them comes from the noisy, indiscriminating portion of their hearers. At gag. No applause followed his effort, but instead a slight groan of disgust was heard REDFERN'S NEWEST FASHIONS. throughout the house. During the remain received higher praise for that evening's It makes no difference whether names are work from the critics than for any other performance of the engagement.

There is a remedy for the evil, and it lies entirely with the audience itself to use it, So long as the player receives the applause So long as the player receives the applause yellow, and this falls over a petticoat of of the unthinking for his far-fetched alludeep aubergine faille. The cuffs and the sions, theatre-goers will continue to be bored tiny sleeveless jacket, which only It used to be one of the lessons in "man- by interpolated jokes about Congress, base encircles the armhole, and has also, an embroidered ruffle, are of the dark silk, and ners" taught to children that they should ball and the world's fair, but if once these the neck is finished by a folded scarf of not take the "last piece" left on the dish, jokes are sharply hissed or received in digeven if it were offered to them. We were nified silence, the gag will die a natural told that it belonged to Capt. Manners. I death, a death which would be hailed with remember the strange, mysterious dread I delight by the vast majority of play-goers.

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"Morals." "Why is it," he asks. "that the daughter Redfern's latest fashions, and Romans do not suffer the table to be quite | valuable instruction in dressmaking, fancy work and household matters, and papers on omething always to remain upon it? Is it a large number of subjects interesting to The same 10 cents will provide your chil

> dren with the most entertaining and helpbetter than a youth's weekly.

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spruces, tall and straight, and here and side. there an oak or mountain ash. The breezes. born of cool currents that pour downward from upper heights, where snow whitens else, which we are apt to forget in our hur- yet, blow along this stream among the mountains full of ozone, brewed in the upper atmospheres, and which the nose of the climber drinks as the tion of Independence, which implies that Homeric gods drank their wine, leisurely, because it is so strong and pure. In the spruces along this stream live two big. brown owls that doze through the day, and if you will sit for an hour and listen you the last seat in the horse car, out of consid-will hear them mutter and murmur in cultural monthly, or any agricultural eration for somebody else who may need it their dreams; dreaming of mice in the cents. It costs only 10 cents in com- himself, but for an unknown "another," of lands in fancy. On the largest oak, old and Address The Weekly Globe, Boston, own. The highest politeness is shown in white-headed eagle sits watchfully. Twenty A gag, according to Webster, is "a speech son long after mine are closed foror phrase interpolated off-hand by an actor ever, doubtless. All men are their on the stage in his part as acted, usually foes, yet they live on. All men are my consisting of some seasonable or local allu- friends, still I must die. Queer, isn't it? sion, which challenges the mirth or ap- There are anglers on this mountain stream, plause of the audience." Time was when but only I know them. They fish each day, the actor who interpolated ever so little and each day fill their creels, and yet they was looked upon as a daring fellow, and use no rods, nor lines, nor hooks, nor flies, ran a great risk of losing the favor both of nor bait. It is because I have never fished audience and manager. Today, however, this hidden stream myself that I have seen circulated journal of the kind. Ad- many an actor of average ability who wishes them fish it. Peachers? Nay. This brook dress The Weekly Globe, Boston, to appear brighter than his companions is their preserve, and I would be a poacher indulges in indiscriminate gagging to raise on their rights should I cast line across it.

The old beaver dam is still there and over Such instances of "off-hand interpola- it the water pours with soft noises into a tions" are rare, for as a rule the additions to deep and wide pool. On one side of this the author's text come from those-who are dark bit of water is a great rock. Its front least capable of speaking it. Especially is is covered with thick mosses very rich in one grand idea in cooking, which is this true in comic opera, where actors who color. Across it wanders a vine with little either a result of her own experi- cannot sing are generally the greatest adepts red berries strung on it. Can you see the old ence or is a family inheritance, and which in the art of gagging. The true actor is not beaver dam, the pool, the big rock, the moss, obliged to descend to such pitiful makeshifts the running vine and the shining red berto catch applause. It was said of WARREN ries? Yes? Very likely you can, but oh, you book. In such recipes as these THE that, no matter what his part in a play, who have such eyes to see-you cannot see whether it was a dozen lines or 500, he the huge trout whose home that dark, deep among its readers, and for that purpose never sought to improve on the author, but poolis and which I have seen so many times he rose for the bug or grub that I tossed the width and length of the mantel, then him. And once as I lay on the edge of the cover it with felt. This may be laid on the terpolations really give pleasure to but few pool, hidden in the long grasses, and saw mantel and the lambre quin, when finished. him at play, having a frolic all by himself, tacked on to it with brass-headed nails. To and, oh, he made that space of gloomy water iridescent as he flashed and flew through it. Where is he? Do you really cream color. Use a coarse steel needle. wish to know? Well, I will be good and W. H. H. MURRAY.

sketch portrays a charming summer toilet, which is now on its way to its far-off owner out in San Francisco. It is composed of foulard silk of the most delicate shade of prune, with figures of white and pale yellow. The front drapery is edged with a ruffle of white crepe de chene, hand-em-broidered in different tone of prune and





Fig. 3 shows the sailor hat, which is always in demand at this season of the year for seashore or country wear. When needed for the former I make a charming variation in the trimming by painting the ribbon



woulds. His death was reported to his family.

Months after, a comrade had occasion to make the trip, by the mountain read, from Chatancoga to Bridgeport. On the way, he overtook a long line of ambulances making for the same point with sick and wounded. He passed them one by one until finally some one spoke his name. He looked up, and there sat upright, with a smile on his face, the soldier reported to be dead. He was furloughed, and on his arrival home found his people in mourning for him.

A CROCHETED LAMBREQUIN.

No: Must be Seventeen. Fo the Editor of The Globe Can a boy 16 years old be appointed to West Point filitary Academy?

H. W. P.

It is often desirable to cover all mantels with a lambrequin. Have a board made of crochet a lambrequin use for material Finlayson, Bonsfield's Scotch linen thread, When finished run ribbon, shade of felt used, through the openings.

Make a chain of 43 stiches. [T. C. means troble crochet; ch. st. means chain stitch.] First row-3 t. c. in 4th ch. st., 3 ch. st., miss 1 ch. st., 3 t. c. in next ch. st., 0 ch. st., miss 11, 3 t. c. in NEW YORK. June 7. - The accompanying miss 1, 3 t. c. in next ch. st., miss 3, 1 t. c. in 4th, miss next 3, 3 t. c. in 1 t. c. in 2 t. c. in 1 t in 12th, 3 ch. st., miss 1, 3 t. c. in next ch. st.; turn. Second row—3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around chain of 3 between the two 3 t. c. of last row, 3 ch.st., 3 t. c. around same chain, 9 ch. st., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. ound next ch. of 3, 1 t. c. in t. c. of last row, 3 e., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3, 9 ch., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around following chain of

h. st., 3 t. c. around next ch. of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. ins of 2d and 1st rows, 4 ch. st., 3 t. c. around t. c. in t. c. of last row, 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around

llowing ch. of 3, 4 ch. st., fasten in 5th en. st. of next chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around same chain;

third row, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around same chain, 9 ch. st., 3t.c. around next chain of 3, 3ch. st., 3t.c. around same chain, 1t.c. in t.c. of last row, 3 t.c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around eh. of 3, 9ch. st., 3 t. c. around next ch. of 3, 3ch. st., 3 t. c. around same ch., then 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next ch. of 3; turn Fifth row—3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of preceding row (4th row), 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next ch. of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next ch. of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around same chain, 9 ch. st., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c., 1 .c., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c., 9 ch. st., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st.,

3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around same, 9 ch. st., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c., 1 t. c., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c., 9 ch. st., 3 t. c., 5 ch. st., 3 t. c., then 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next ch. of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3; turn. Seventh row-3 ch. st., 2 t. c., in last t. c. of last row,3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around same, 4 ch. st., fasten in 5th ch. st. of chains of two last rows, 4 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around same chain, 1 t. c. in t. c., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3, 4 ch. st., fasten in 5th ch. st. of chains of two last rows, 4 ch. st., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3; turn.

Eighth row—3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around same, 9 ch. st., etc., as before.

Then at the point work 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next

chain of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next ch. of 3, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around last ch.; turn.

Ninth row—3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of last row,

st., 3t.c. around same chain, 9 ch. st., etc., as before to beginning of point. Then * 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. round next chain of 3; repeat from * 4 times. Thirteenth row-3 ch. sts., 3 t, c, in last t, c, of last

EVA M. NILES. THE YELLOW-HAMMER'S TAP.

[E. A. Oldham in June Century.] When gentle breezes sorthy play O'er meadows sweet, in fair-haired May, And whisper secrets to the pines
In woodlands dense with clamb'ring vines; When balmy springtime fills the air.

And scatters sweetness everywhere,

Then there comes the ceaseless rap Of the yellow-hammer's tap-Tip-tap, tap-tap, tip-tap-tip-

'Tis the merry pitter-patter Of the yellow-hammer's tab. And oft is heard the drum of quail, And thickets echo thrush's song, And swoilen brooklet bounds along; When from the hedge the cat-birds cry, And meadow-larks are soaring high,

Then there comes the merry tap Of the yellow-hammer's rap— Tlp-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip-

'Tis the ceaseless pitter-patter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap. When hazy shadows slowly creep

The Logic of Leap Year. To the Editor of The Globe: Years divisible by four are leap years. The even centaries are exceptions, barring every fourth century which turns again a leap year.

Every year has an excess of 5 hours 40 minutes, which in four years amounts to a day lacking 44 minutes. When the day is added every four years 44 minutes too much is given, which in 100 years. minutes. When the day is added every four years
44 minutes too much is given, which in 100 years
amounts to 18 hours. To rectify this a leap year is
omitted every 100 years, yet this does not even up,
the deficit of 6 hours to the 18 being necessary to
complete the day. This 6 hours per century amounts to 24 hours every 400 years, therefore a leap year is again added. The computation, though not exact by seconds, is sufficiently near for all practical puroses, the length of a year being 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49 seconds.

Danes and Irish.

Will Look Like New.

To the Editor of The Globe:
In answer to "An old Reader," I would say:
Wash your curtains and rinse thoroughly; starch in
hot starch, have them quite blue, then pin sheets over a carpet and pin your curtains on to them each scallop out nicely and they will look like new. F.L.s

Unhurt. To the Editor of The Globe:

If a man jumps from a swiftly moving express train, with the intention of landing in safety, and,

'Twould Be a Miracle If He Were

Yes, It will be So Returned.

To the Editor of The Globe: I read in your paper that "manuscript sent will no e considered unless return postage is enclosed. Does this mean that if a communication is sent to THE GLOBE, and a stamped envelope, with the writ-er's address on it, with the request that if the communication is not used that it will be returned, that THE GLOBE will enclose the manuscript in said en velope and send it to the writer?

W. M. B.

There is a line fence between my neighbor and I did not help to put up the fence, as I was not asked. The posts are on my side. Can I nail any strips to them legally on my side?

Testator Can Write-If Himself. Would it be legal in making a will for the person o write it themselves and have it witnessed by three cople, or would it have to be made out by a lawyer

It Has No Right. Has a town any right to conduct water off the street through a man's land, thereby destroying his

land and crop? Can the town be sued for such damage?

Who Would Own It.

A gives to B a promissory note for \$75, with in terest at 6 per. cent., payable in five years, or sooner if convenient for A. Now B dies before the five years have expired and the note is not paid. There is nothing said about heirs and there is no administrator. Who will collect the note, or can it be col lected at all? If it can, how and by whom?

The note would belong to whoever was entitled to B's personal estate, and could be collected by them.

The Right to a Name. A young man came to the United States some 10 years ago; his father and tather's father were known next ch., 3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around following ch., 3 ch. st., 5 t. c. around next ch.; turn.

Eleventhrow—3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of preeding row, 3 ch. st., 3 t. c., 3 ch. st., 3 ch. st

> A person has no right to change his name excep n the way provided by law. He should apply to th Probate Court and have it legally done. He would not be naturalized under any other name than his

legal name. A Point in Parliamentary Law. A motion to appoint a committee of five. Voted by acclamation. The president declared the vote lost. Immediately the vote is doubted. The president proceeds by reading article 3 of rules of order, and decides the question comes, "Shall the decision of the chair be sustained?" Voted by acclamation and declared carried. Immediately this vote is doubted. The president claims that the question is settled, and the rules of the club sustain him in his proceeding. Is the president right or wrong? If wrong where does he err?

I would say the president was wrong in both cases If the vote by acciamation was doubted the president should have settled the doubt by adopting a different method of voting, such as a show of hands or rising. Strictly speaking, doubting a vote is not an appeal from the decision of a presiding officer. Any vote by acclamation may be doubted, and thereupon the vote should be taken again. In the Legislature the vote when doubted is taken again by rising, the monitors of each division counting the members and reporting to the chair.

Democratic, 22; Republican, 24. To the Editor of The Globe; Will you please inform me how many Demo-cratic and how many Republican governors there are now in the United States? INQUIRER.

HE WANTED A WOUND.

Vain Effort of a Veteran to Get a

Rebel Scar.

Rebel Soas.

have I ever seen the time whome to be.

Ay one?

indeed.

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Twelfth row—3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around ch. of 3, 3 ch.

Twelfth row—3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around ch. of 3, 3 ch.

Twelfth row—3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around ch. of 3, 3 ch.

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McSWAT'S WOE.

The Untold Trouble that Had Invaded a Happy Household.

want to know what weighs my spirits down Lobelia, and fills my soul with gloom look!"
With a grip of iron he held her at arms length and bared his neck.
Mr. Billiger McSwat was suffering from his regular spring boil. ALL RIGHT ON THE GOOSE! How the Soldiers Drove a Chaplain Out of Camp. A minister of the Gospel, very prominent

agonizingly, springing to his feet. "Land of misery! What did you do that for, Lobelia?"
"Is it financial embarrassment, Billiger? Did I touch upon it at first—"
"Touch upon it!" howled her husband, dancing frantically about the room. "Good heavens! It you had used a sledgehammer it couldn't have hurt worse!"
"Then I was right, It's nothing but money troubles?"

"Money troubles? Suffering Job! If you

at this day, was a chaplain of one of the volunteer regiments during the rebeliion. His haughty bearing did not tend to make

His haughty bearing did not tend to make him a favorite with the boys of the regiment, and a little occurrence in which he figured served to render him so unpopular that his resignation soon followed.

Strict orders against all manner of foraging had been issued and were rigidly enforced, but a flock of geese in a neighboring barnyard was a standing temptation to the boys, which could not always be resisted, one day the chaplain was strolling through camp with his hands locked behind him, when he chanced to spy a soldier in the act of picking a fowl. He promptly reported the matter to the colonel, who sent for the soldier and his game. The soldier appeared at headquarters and was sent thence to the guardhouse.

The goose being turned over to the colonel's cook it found its was to his table.

guardhouse.

The goose being turned over to the colonel's cook, it found its way to his table, at which the chaplain sat and enjoyed his share. This disposition of the forbidden fowl reached the boys, and they by common understanding awaited the next appearance of his reverence, when, as if with one voice they shouted: "All right on the goose!" "All right on the goose!" He could never afterward gather a congregation who would listen to him preach. The boys would appear at regular time for service, but the moment the chaplain arose to conduct the ceremonies the boys would hum with a nasal twang: "All right on the goose!"

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ter can do so in their leisure hours, and earn an honest penny. The Globe gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly.

piece of manners to repress and restrain the ment devoted wholly to them, and employappetite in our present fruitions? Or was ing the greatest American authors. It is it a custom of courtesy towards household servants? For they do not love so much to The same 10 cents will provide you take as to partake, deeming that they hold family with reading as valuable as that of a kind of communion with their masters at the leading monthlies, and you will receive table. Or is it that no sacred thing ought it four times, instead of once, a month to be left empty, and the table is a sacred Magazine authors contribute some of their best works to THE WEEKLY GLOBE. They In more modern times the question reapwrite papers on history, biography, science, pears in a tale that probably should be art, society and politics, and they in signed articles discuss current topics of the day. which, if it is not true, is "well invented," Magazine authors contribute regularly to and contains its moral. The story runs that | THE WEEKLY GLOBE. once when Queen VICTORIA was visiting An investment of only 10 cents will do all

dish offered her, and that one of the chil- GLOBE two months, and you will not part

meadow and young chickens in the lowfeet below him his mate is hovering over four eggs in a huge nest made of dry sticks. Their eyes have seen more suns rise and set than mine, and will see the crim-

Who are these strange anglers that angle so

How to Cover an Old Mantel so as to Make it a Thing of Eeauty and a Joy o the Editor of The Globa:

How does Denmark compare with Ireland in area and population? Constant Reader. Ireland is larger in both, having affarea of 32,551 square miles and a population of about 5,100,000. Denmark's area is 14,125 square miles, and its population. ilation about 2,200,000.

Third row-3 ch. st., 2 t. c. in last t. c. of 2d row. 3



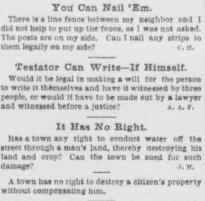
3 t. e.; turn. Sixth row-3 ch. st., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3.

row, *1 s. c., 1 half t. c., 3 t. c. around next chain of 3. Repeat 4 times, then work as usual to the end, making it the required length. The in fringe into

Tipity-tap, Tapity-tip, Tipity-tap-tap; When brown wrens peep through rough-hewn rail,

Tipity-tap,
Tapity-tip,
Tipity-tap-tap:

And lambkins bleat themselves to sleep; When from the pasture's daisied plain Echoes the cow-bell's sweet refrain





"They tell me I did the spider-legged ondes a heap of good when I was here before. There were more spider-legged dudes here then than I ever saw anywhere else. As soon as I commenced talking about them they unloaded on the niggers. Then there were more spider-legged niggers here than anywhere else. Now a dude's pants is twice as large as a gentleman's. These little town dudes wear a No. 3 shoe and a No. 4 hat. I don't believe God had dudes in contemplation when he made Adam. I believe the whole business is a march stolen on God."

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

Fred Croke (on L train, looking at his companion's ears)—I'll wager you didn't wine your ears off this morning?

Ned (indignantly putting his hand up to prove insunuated neglect false)—I'll beta quarter I did.

Fred—Put up your money. (It was done.) How did you manage to get them on again? (They occupy different seats the rest of the fourney to the ferry.) Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

Some Men Couldn't Stand the Test. [Yankee Blade.] Tom—Do you suppose she has spoken to her parents about the engagement yet?

Dick—I know she has spoken to her lather. He met me today and invited me to have a drink.

Tom—But he's a temperance man.

Dick—Of course, and he wanted to try me.

Foolishness vs. Common Sense.

Worse Than a Six Spot Hand.

Ice Scarce, Ice Cream High.

A Truly Practical Girl.

"Yes, Helen." he cried enthusiastically.
"I do not care for your rich father's disapproval: I will wed you without a penny."
"But, George," said the soleful creature, "in that case how are we going to pay the minister?"

Gentlemen's Privileges. Chatter.

Servant-There's a gentleman down stairs, ma'am.
Mistress—Show him up to the parlor.
Servant—But he has come to clean the

[New York Weekly.]

Mrs. Slimdiet—So you have placed yourself under the care of a physician who reduces superfluous flesh. Did he recommend any special diet?

New boarder—No, madam. He simply recommended your boarding-house.

The Editor's Revengeful Wish. [Harper's Bazar.]

Mr. Boller (who has been out a little too

ong)—C-can't we run in n-now?

Skipper—Got ter take another tack, sir.

Mr. Boller—Use th' whole p-paper of 'em it'll fetch us any q-q-quicker. I'll pay for 'm'!

Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Smith—Supposing I should ask you to let me have \$50 for three months. Robinson?
Robinson—I should want security.
Smith—What security would satisfy you?
Robinson (after a moment's thought)—Handcuffs.

"Ah, I see you have your son with you in business. This must make it very pleasant for you."

"Yes, it does. There is nothing like it. He can take a few days off at any time, and the business runs right along, as usual."

[Chicago Tribune.1

Amicably Arranged.

[Der. Ulk.]

A Rose by Another Name.

"Clara," said he—"Clara—"
"Thomas." she whispered, "I do love you; but aren't you a little mistaken? This is Friday night, and I am Sarah." A Reasonable Reason.

[Lowell Citizen.]

An Attractive Girl. Burlington Free Press.]

— Chestone—Don't you think that Miss
Debut, dancing with the colonel there, is
simply cherubic.

Mai. Pertly (dryly)—Yes, in respect to

Wanted to be Boss. [Lawrence American.] He-Darling will you be my wife?
She-Well, I love you, Harry and have no objections to marrying you, but I wish you would put it differently. You may be my husband.

So Would He. Harper's Young People.

Aunt Mary-Poor Budge! Does your tooth ache yet? If 'twere mine, dear, I'd have it out at once.

Budge-If 'twere yours! Well, auntie, so would I.

[Terre Haute Express.] Mr. Staylate-I pride myself on always paying as I go.

Miss Flyppe—You must be awfully slow pay, I fear.

A Long Sad Thought. "At the North Pole Hans, they have

game, and recently, at the dinner table, announced the result of her observation.

'I have learned.' she said deliberately, 'that the pitcher does not try to throw the ball so that the man can hit it.''

RICH SWEEPINGS.

Those of a Brazilian Coffee Cargo Worth Money-No Sin Slyly to Cut a Sack if No One is the Wiser

rushing to?" inquired a GLOBE reporter of an acquaintance, who was hurrying down to the water front. you want to come along?" What is there on board of her that you're

"I'm going to buy the sweepings." "The sweepings! What are they?".

"Why the loose coffee scattered out of the bags which falls into the vessel's hold. Come ahead, and let's see if we can make a trade."

Fred Croke (on L train, looking at his companion's ears)—I'll wager you didn't wipe your ears off this morning?

Ned indignantly putting his hand up to prove insinuated neglect false)—I'll beta quarter I did.

Fred—Put up your money. (It was done.) How did you manage to get them on again? (They occupy different seats the rest of the journey to the ferry.)

Total Abstinence.

[Life.]

Temperance missionary—And does your husband drink llduor?

Mrs. O'Toole—Bless y'sowl! He hasn't tiched a drap fer three years.

T. M.—That's a good thing for you.

Mrs. O'Toole—A good thing is it? An' me as has been a widder ever since thot flay, an' wid five childer to support.

The definition of the second the second the support.

The merchant climbed into the main-chains and ascended to the bark's deck.

Seeing the captain just emercing from his captured to the province on shore, he approached him, saying:

"I shouldn't be surprised if they were," was the reply.
"Say, Mr. Mate"—then in an aside to the reporter: "That will flatter him: he'll think I take him for the first luff"—then to the officer, "You don't mind my taking a look down the after hatch, do you?"
"Oh! I don't care You may take a look if you don't take anything else."
"Oh! divil a fear: I'm an honest man."
"Yes, you're all honest but I wouldn't trust you." laurhingly replied the second mate, as he turned to his duty of clearing up the decks, while Terry pushed back the slide of the booby hatch and jumped down on to the cargo.

on to the cargo.

The reporter followed. for a moment it was impossible to see anything, but when his eye became accustomed to the darkness of the hold Terry was seen. with a knife in hand, stealthily cutting a few stitches in the mouths of several of the bags.

"What are You Doing, Jerry?"

Official member-What will it cost to paint

SHE SAW WASHINGTON.

Quaint Letter Written by a Lexington Girl

"Hullo there, old man! where are you "Going down to that bark from Rio. Don't How the President Came to Visit the

The reformal near the remainder and property of the control of the remainder and property of the control of the remainder and property of the remainder and

pite the Parson his so recent eddytying Discourses.

Now was great questioning if his Highness (for so I like to call him) wd come to our Town at all, till at last 'twas rumored that having great Desire to see the field of Lexington. therefore he wd turn his road in this Direction on his coming back from the State of New Hampshire. Mother, thereupon, bad Lucindy, who still borled justyly, to make her respecs to Naybors Mulliken and Downing and I warrant you Naybors Mason were not forgot) and to ask them come eat the President his Feast. They all come in good time and my honnered Father set out to Make them Merry, but 'twas easy seen that he tho'tnayborDowning but a serry makeshift for his expected guest. Jour good parrents be, of a course, always Wellcome.

But you must be uneasy to hear tell of Mr.

Section with growing must have been consistent of the same of the

Twas a pity we gave him no set speech as.
Twas a pity we gave him no set speech as.
Twas did in many Towns no biger than ours,
and your Father could have writ it exseient.
When we came to the house there stood my
Father and step-mother at the tan-room
Door, Anna and the Naybors skulking in Tradesman—Two hundred and fifty dol lars.

Official member—It's exorbitant, but I can't get it done for less. That's what every painter in town asks. Go ahead with the job.

Same official member (next day)—Brother

Same official member (next day)—Brother

Same official member (next day)—the construction of the victor in the kitch'n, yours should bring them to the stares the chork way, thou knows't thro' the shop &

Names Like a Barbed-Wire Fence. [Lewiston (Mc.) Journal].

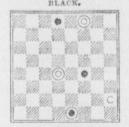
There is a lady in Washington who has spent numerous afternoons in an effort to acquire an acquaintance with the game of baseball. She has attended game after Norristown Herald !.

EDWIN A. DURGIN.

Boston, June 14, 1890.
All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass, The Boston Chess and Checker Club, 691 Washington st, Open evenings; all are

Solution of Position No. 1509. By Peter Thirkell, Sunderland. Black men on 9, 10, 14, 16, 19, 22, 24, 27, king on 20; white men on 6, 21, 28, 29, 30, 1, kings on 5, 8. Black to play and win. 14. 17 21. 14 28. 12 30. 23 31. 24 5 7 10. 23 23. 26 32. 27 20. 4 27 32 Black wins. —[Northern Leader.

Position No. 1510. End game between Messrs. R. Dover and



Lattince # doz., 40@50c. Cabbage, new, # barrel, \$2.25@2.50. Cucumbers, Fla., # crate, \$1.00@1.25. Spinach, native, 20@25c # bush. Onions, Bermudas, # crate, \$2.00@2.15. Squash, Marrow, \$1.00 @1.25. Spinach, native, 20@25c # bush. Onions, Bermudas, # crate, \$2.00@2.15. Squash, Marrow, \$1.00 @1.50 # bull, to Summer, # crate, 50@75c. Turnirs, Russia, \$1.50 # bull, Radish, # doz., 25@30c. Dapdehous, 20@25c # bush. Native Rhubarb, 1 @16 # lb. Assaragus, \$1.25@1.50 # doz., Green Pease, Fla., # crate, \$2.00@2.15. Water # doz., 25@30c. Dapdehous, 20@25c # bush. Native Rhubarb, 1 @16 # lb. Assaragus, \$1.25@1.50 # doz., Green Pease, Fla., # crate, \$1.76@2.00. String beans, green, \$1.00@1.25; do Wax, \$1.25@1.50. Tomatoes, Fla., # crate, \$1.76@2.00. String beans, green, \$1.00@1.25; do Wax, \$1.25@1.50. Tomatoes, Fla., # crate, \$1.00@1.25; do Wax, \$1.25@1.50. Tomatoes, Fla., # crate, \$1.00@3.50. HAY AND STRAW.—There is nothing especially new to report. Business is dull on everything but choice grades. Choice Rye straw is in good demand but Oat straw is dull.

We quote: Fancy, \$18.00@20.00; do do Machine, \$9.00@10.00. Oat straw, \$7.50@8.00 # ton.

Checker News. E. E. Burling, who formerly published the Board at Elmira, N. Y., is now located 5.6

The last Saturday evening team match was captained by Messrs, Barker and Grover, who led the following teams:

1 Grover. O Drawn.
O Bailey. O Drawn.
I Irwin 1 Drawn.
O Holmes 4 Drawn.
4 McKenzie O Drawn.

received at this office from a virginia baptist preacher: "I have not a bushel of corn, a peck of flour nor five pounds of meat in the world, and I have not a dollar to buy with, and my churches are not able to pay me for my work." He does not ask for help—nothing was further from his thought—but if anybody desires to brighten his life, we will undertake to see that the sunshine falls upon his home.

Eastern Magnificence. (Wiener Bilderbogen.)
"In Java you need not be very distinguished to have 100 servants at your back. I kept 60 myself, and it took four to mix my grog."
"What! Four servants for one glass of

grog?"
"Certainly; one made the water hot, a second put in the sugar a third added the rum and the fourth drank it, for I don't takegrog myself." The Mail and Express Office, for In-

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

BOSTON, Monday, June 9.

We quote: New Cheese-New York extra, B h.

quite freely.

We quote: Eastern extra, 10c; do, first, 16c; We quote: Eastern extra, 10c; do, first, 16c; Wermont and New Hampshire extra, 16c; Michigan, extra, 15½c; Western, firsts, 15c; Nova Neotia and New Brunswick 18t., .@De & doz; P. E. Island, 1st., 15c per doz.

BEANS.—The market continues quiet and if there has been any change it is to become even weaker. The supply is large and the demand small. The exception is in Yellow Eyes, which are scarce and in good request.

COFFEE.—The coffee quotations are as follows: Java, medium brown, 24½-625c; do do fancy brown, ... \$25½-c; do Timor, 25½-c; do Buttenzorg, 23623½-c; do Mailang, 22½-623c; do Tavais, 22½-623c; do Ankola, 26½-627c; do Holland bags, 23¼-6235c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bandes, 26½-627c; Macha, 24½-625c; Rios, prime, 20%-2c; do fair, 20½-c; do fair, 25½-c; do fair, 25½-c; do fair, 25½-c; darsasho, 2060-2c; Caracas, 22623c; Lagnayra, 20621c; Costa Rica, 20622½-c; Jamsica, 20622c; Gastemala, 22624c; Mexican, 23624c; Havit, 20622c; Manila, 23c.

erushed, 7%c; pulverized, 7%c; cubes. 67%c powdered, 67%c; granulated, 63½66%c; Con-fectioners' A, 63%c; Standard A, 64½c; Extra C 5½c; C, 444@55%c; Yellow, 5½c.

Flour and Grain. FLOUR.-Following are the current prices for arroad lots of flour:

FISH-Following are the current prices for the FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—No 1, shore, \$22,00@25.00; No. 1 Bay, \$21,50@22.00; No. 2 Bay, \$20.00; No. 2 Bay, \$21.50@25.00; No. 2, Bay, \$21.50@25.00; No. 2, Bay, \$20.00; No. 3, ordinary, nom'1; No. 3, medium, nom'1; No. 3 large, \$15.00; No. 2, large, \$20.00@25.00;

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, \$5.50@...; do, do, medium, \$4.70@5.00; do, \$5. Shore, \$...@.

Trickle Bank, \$4.75@5.00; cleorges, \$...@.

5.75; Shore, \$5.25@5.50; Hake, \$2.50@2.75; Haddock, \$3.25@3.50; Follow, pickled, \$2.50.02.75; do, slack salted, \$1....@2.75. Boneless Hake, \$4.694\20 3 lb; Boneless Haddock, \$4\20 434\20 3 lb; Soneless Cod. 7\4\20 43\40; boneless Cod. 7\4\20 43\40; boneless Cod. 7\40.2\40 43\4

Miscellancous.

starch, 444@44c; Corn starch, 3c; Wheat starch, 474@61c.—We quote: Havana wrappers, \$3.50 & 5.00; do, fine fillers, \$1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, 75@5c; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Yalr. 85@95; Kentucky lugs, 24y@4c; do, leaf, 74y@104c; Havana s'd wr's, 35@60; do, 2ds, 20@30; do, binders, 12@16; do, seed fill. 5@8; conn and Mass fill, \$68; do, binders, 12@17; do, 2ds, 18@25; do, fulr wrappers, 29@25; do, fulr wrappers, 35@45; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20; Smnstra wraps, \$1.50@2.60, do, fillers, 10@20; Smnstra wraps, \$1.50@2.60, and wrappers, 35@44; house grease, 37g44; grease, tamers, 134@27s; do, chip, 244@232; do, naphtha, 114@214; do, hard, 414@652; do, naphtha, 114@214; do, hard, chip, 244@292; 60, napathed 444@292; 10, napathed 444@292; 10, napathed 8390 bales domestic and 5667 bales foreign against 8531 bales domestic and 6725 bales foreign last week, and 9611 bales domestic and 2235 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1889.

to \$6.75.

Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, ranged from \$2.00 to \$4.25.

Prices of Western beef cattle per hundred pounds live weight, ranged from \$3.50 to \$5.25.

Richmond Religious Heraid.)

The folks who think preachers flourish on the fat of the land are respectfully requested to read the following extract from a letter received at this office from a Virginia Baptist preacher: "I have not a bushel of come a peck of from: "I have not a bushel of come a peck of from: "I have not a bushel of come a peck of from: "I have not a bushel of come a peck of from: "I have not a bushel of come a peck of from: "I have not a bushel of come a peck of from: "I have not a bushel of come a peck of from: \$3.50 to \$5.25. Construction, \$5.25 to \$5.25 to \$5.25. Construction, \$5.25 to \$5.25 to

right and left. As the people dropped with cracked skulls, I stepped over them and F nammered away again until 1 reached the door." Cracky! Didn't the crowd try to mob you?"
'Oh, no. They thought, from my actions, that I was a policeman in citizen's clothes."

A Friend in Need.



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Country hides. 5.0.
Country hides. 5.0.
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The Open Sesame.

[New York Weekly.]
First Reporter (at crowded meeting)—
"How did you manage to make your way through that awful crowd outside?"
Second Reporter—"I got a club, blackened
Second Reporter—"I got a club, blackened
Second Reporter—"E at club, blackened
Second Reporter—"I got a club, blackened
Second Reporter—"E at club, blackened
Second Reporter—"I got a club, RAILROAD STOCKS. TELEPHONE STOCKS. 483/8 236 443/4 1.10 MISCELLANEOUS. Eastman Car H
Edison Ph Doll
Lamson St Ser. 33
Pullin'nPal Car 2051/2 208
Reece Button H 2t
StouxC'y SY'd. 90 95 95 SiouxC'y SY'd. 90 95

Am Cotton Oll. 3314 3142

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Am Pneu Tool. 614

Bay State Gas. 4314 44

Burton Stc Cars 68 614

Burton St Cars 78

Burton St Cars 8 614

Burton St Cars 134

Burton St Cars 13 301/a 491/2 1171/2 Mexican Cen... 301/2 N Y & N Eng.. 495 a N Y & N E pret. 1171/2 174 75 72 *Ex-dividend. 671/4 A Clouded Existence. 861/2 [Puck.] First cloudlet-Yes; it's a quiet, happy MINING STOCKS.

one thing that makes me sad. Second cloudlet—What's that? First cloudlet-To think that when I'm

life, doating around up here; but there's

gone I'll not be mist.

What Sam Calls Preaching.

after?" He Won the Bet.

(New York Heraid.)
This is the sunny month of June,
When youth and maidens like to spoon;
They walk along the moonlis tsands
Softly holding each other's hands.
They look up at the moon's bright beam,
And he thinks of love—and she loe cream.

"What has become of Miss Parkins—the girl you were so attentive to at Lenox last summer? Is she in town?"
"Yes."
"Did she send you cards?"
"Yes;" (after a pause)—"her wedding cards!"

[Epoch.]

He—They say it will be folly to buy a plate of ice cream this season. The dealers have combined to give a very small plate for 10 cents."

Sho (swastly) They we will be [Epoch.] She (sweetly)—Then we will have to pay 20 cents, won't we?"

him bly.
Mistress—Then show him up the chimney. A Physician Who Earned His Fee.

"Sir." said the subscriber to the editor. "Sir," replied the editor, "you should see what I reject." While the Dark Blue Ocean Rolled.

Security that Would Secure.

Perfectly Harmless. [Hartford Post.]

Easy for a Chicago Man to Guess It. Fegg-I have a conundrum for you. Slimpsy. What is the difference between your head and a pumpkin?
Slimpsy-I give it up, Fegg.
Fegg-That's the right answer, Slimpsy.

Husband-Am I never to have my own way?
Wife—Certainly, my dove; when we are both agreed you can have your way, and when we differ I'll have mine.

"Going camping out this year?"
"No: I camped out last year."
"Why don't you camp out this year?"
"I just told you. I camped out last year!"

"At the North Pole Hans, they have nights six months long."

"Oh but father, just think of the poor watchmen."

Took a Fearful Kiss.

[New York Sun.]

"The sword swallower is dead."

"How did it happen?"

"Choked to death by a shad bone."

A Hopeful Case.

[Washington Post.]

There is a lady in Washington who has spent numerous afternoons in an effort to acquire an acquaintance with the game of baseball. She has attended game after

to give them Such, his Highness bade the dish of Squobs be divided in half that his Bluck men, forsooth, might have the same as him. During the dining he talked of little other than the Vilenes of the Roa s, calling them as Blind and Isnorantas the directions of the Inhabittents. He had more to say than was seemley, to my thinking, of the Ladyes how hansome he found them, their black Hair being to his liking. He was exceeding Frugall in his drinking, as well as in his Feeding, for he took but one Mug of beer and two glasses of wine during the whole meal.

Than a Hundred Years Age.

Than a Hundred Years Age.

How the President Came to Visit the Revolutionary Battle Ground.

The following letter was found a short time since in the garret of the old hotel in which President Washington stooped when he visited Lexington, Mass., for the first

Nominee for Governor. BANGOR, June 2.-Hon, Isaac R. Clark, the prominent Bangor citizen, who has been nominated for governor by the United Labor party of Maine, is not a typical labor-las nor would be helcoled upon with ing man, nor would be be looked upon with favor by Henry George and his disciples. The last Nevertheless, Mr. Clark has taken the greatest interest in late years in all labor movements, and was one of the charter Barker .. members of Penobscot Assembly Knights of Labor, one of the first organizations of the



Which is my excuse for living, And will be till I die. I never have been naturalized;

am working at it steadily, And I do not go to school.

I do not read—the Bible, And I never write—a check;

By trade I am a fool.

I can swear in choicest English, With a boil upon my neck.

I have megacephalitis;

I'm not a homeless child; I served one day in prison. I rent the house I live in; I'm never out of debt.

Have you anything else to ask me?

Will I take a drink? You bet!!

we quote: New Cheese-New York extra, 48 lb. \$4684-j. do 18t. (%8c; do, 2ds, 5666; Vermont extra, \$4684-j. do, 18t. (%8c; do, 2ds, 5666; Sage. ; part skims, 567c; Skims, 268c; Ohio extra, 8c; Ohio 18ts, 7677-je.
Liverpool quotations, white, 48s.
EGGS.—There has been a fair business in eggs at the prevailing prices of last week. Receipts are quite well cleaned up, but have continued to arrive quite freely.

ception is in Yellow Eyes, which are scarce and in good request.
Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-nicked, \$2.16@2.20 % bush; do, New York, hand-picked, simall, \$2.10@2.15 % bush; do, New York, hand-picked, simall, \$2.10@2.15 % bush; do marrow, \$2.10.00 %...; do, screened, \$1.75@1.85; do 2ds, \$1.65@1.75; Medhim choice, hand-picked, \$2.00 %...; do, screened, \$1.70 @1.80; Yellow Eyes, extra, \$2.55@3.50; do, 2ds, \$2.75@3.00; Red Kidneys, \$3.50@4.90.

DUMESTIU FRUITS—Thore is almost no demand for green apples and the market in this direction is on is last legs. Evaporated apple is steady and unchanged. Strawberries arrive freely and sell well. Pineapples find a ready sale.

We quote: Apples, cooking, \$3.50@4.50 % bbl.; Eating apples, \$4.00@5.00; Evaporated apple, fair to good, \$2.50 % cooking, \$3.50@4.50 % bbl.; Eating apples, \$4.00@5.00; Evaporated apple, fair to good, \$2.50 % cooking, \$2.50@4.50 % bbl.; Eating apples, \$4.00@5.00; Evaporated apple, fair to good, \$2.50 % cooking, \$2.50 % cookin

REFINED SUGAR.—We quote: Cut-loaf, 73/ac

Dakin 4 McKenzie 0 Drawn. 0

Totals 6 5 9

H. Z. Wright continues to make very good scores in his exhibition games. His latest scores stand as follows at Chatham:
Wright 2 Labadie 1 Drawn. 5

This score is correct, as vouched for by an eye-witness whose word "goes:"
Wright 48 Others 0 Drawn. 12

Wright 60 Others 2 Drawn. 11

AT FORT HOPE, ONT.
Wright 47 Others 0 Drawn. 2

AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.

FLOUR.—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:
Fine Flour, \$2.60@2.85; superfine, \$2.55@3.35; Common extras, \$3.30@4.00; Choice extras, \$4.30 &4.50; Minnesota bakers, \$3.95@4.35; patents, \$5.00.61.53; Minnesota bakers, \$3.95.60.41.00; Ohio and Indiana, \$4.70.61.50; Minnesota bakers, \$3.90.60.21.50; Minnesota bake

Serra Leone, 13; Bissao & Gamma, 19(10); Zandbar hickes, 842,90; Tamative, 8(3842; Dry Chinas, 1014/2012; SEEDS.—We quote as follows: Clover, West, 74/4073/40; % fb; do, North, 74/208; do, white, 15/20 18; do, Alske, 104/2014; do, Lucerne. (20) 17; Red Ton, West, % sack, \$1.60/20.175; do, Jersey, \$2.90/20.10; R. L. bent, \$1.852/1.40; Hungarian, 75/200e; Gold Millet, 80/208; common Millet, 75/200e; Gold Millet, 80/208; common Millet, 75/200e; Gold Millet, 80/208; bush \$1.252/1.40; Bine Grass, \$1.25/20.1.30 % bush; Timothy, West, \$1.60/20.1.70 % bush; do, North, \$1.70/20.1.85 % bush; American flaxseed, \$2.00/20.2.50.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hid, \$1.00/20.1.15; do, duty paid, \$1.40/20.1.55; B. & Withins, \$1.35/20.1.50; Liverpool, c. f., \$50/20.2.00; Cadiz, in bond, \$1.871/20. ; Trapan, bond, \$2.00; Tark's Island, hid., \$2.25/20.2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 44/40/24/2c; Corn starch, \$5; Wheat starch, 47/20/51/20.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET. Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, June 6, 1890: for the week ending Friday, June 6, 1890:
Eastern cattle, 68: Western cattle, 2081: Northern cattle, 2011: Total, 2308.
Western sheep and lambs, 9260: Northern sheep and lambs, 350; Eastern sheep and lambs, —
Total, 9610.
Swine, 20,933. Veals, 3177. Horses, 1105.
Prices of Northern and Eastern beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from \$4.00 to \$6.75.
Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, ranged from

(Somerville Journal.) "Can you direct me to the dressing-room, madam?" asked the fashionably dressed society belle, who had just arrived at the full dress ball in Washington, of the good wife of Deacon Powers the The Russian royal jewels comprise the nost magnificent collection of pearls in the

THE RED-HEADED MAN.

ed the conductor 10 cents and said:

The red-headed man."

contact with the conductor.

on."
'Haven't you a friend on the rear plat-

I was only trying to find out," said the

him."
"Yes," growled the conductor. "I reckon you think you're the only man in Chicago who has a red-headed frien 1, don't you?"
The passenger looked confused. The other men on the platform looked amused.
"I said that my friend had red hair." remarked the man who had paid two fares. And he said it with all the gravity of a

'I know you did," shouted the conductor.
"Well" said the

'Then shutup."
There was a lull. Even the car stopped he man on the rear platform—he who had aid two fares—got off. Another man got ff the grip. This last man had red hair, dawned upon the conductor that he had ot gone as far forward as the grip. And as e jerked the bell-strap he said so that the assengers on the platform heard him: "Confound a red-headed man, anyhow,"

[Calendarie Bilbaine.]
After the wedding ceremony a friend of

apart and whispered to him, "You do not seem to be aware that your son-in-law is

"Are you sure?"
"Certain. He has only married your daughter with the object of paying off his

"Why did you not ment on this before?"

Had the Moon Down Fine

[Notes and Queries.]
A small farmer was speaking to me about

he weather. He said we should probable

have a change with the new moon. I asked

whether he taought the moon had any in-fluence upon the weather. "Well." he said. "they say she has—particularly a new moon:" and after a somewhat doubtful pause he added: "Some says so, but other some says it's allers the same moon, and it does seem queer there should be so many new 'uns."

[New York Sun.]
A man was rubbing his back against a

building in Centre st. the other afternoon,

when a workman at a fourth story window

when a workman at a fourth story window espied him and upset a dish of water to give him a douse. The rubber gave a great ump, shook himself and looked up to the roof and growled:

"Can't blame me for it! Ought to fix your water tanks so that rubbing on the outside wall won't spring 'em aleak!"

According to Gunter.

[New York Snn.]

Rapid Transit.

Little girl-Just a minute till I kiss mam-

whether he thought the moon had any in

over head and ears in debt.

" said the man, at last growing "what about it? What are you go-

crowded.

and myself.'

A WIFE AND A FORTUNE.

By O. L. S.

"Have you heard the news about Miss Temple, Ned?" said Charley Ashton, as he sauntered leisurely up to the desk which Edward Farnham occupied in Messrs. Smith & Jones' office on Wall st. The warm blood colored Ned's cheek in spite of all his struggles to prevent it, and

"No: I hope no harm." "Well. I should guess it wasn't. Come, put up your books, and as we go up town 'No: I cannot leave yet. I have not

finished my balance."
"Oh. pshaw! finish that tomorrow before 10 o'clock. I would't work as hard as you for any man living, much less bankers, who think all a fellow is made for is to work and make money for them. Come along."

"No. I cannot go."
"Well, then, the tale in short is, she's had a big fortune left her, some say \$500,000." An involuntary sigh escaped Ned, and he rather muttered than spoke:

I'm sorry to hear it. 'Why, what's got into you, you ninny? Sorry? why. I haven't heard anything to liked the girl, but I'm not philosopher enough to marry for love alone. My doctrine is when poverty comes in at the window love goes out at the door."

'I am afraid I don't agree with you in all things, but I have no time to discuss it now. Miss Temple, in my opinion, would be a fortune for any man did she not possess a cent

"Pshaw, that's old fogy. Love in a cottane! Ha! ha! Well, I liked her pretty well before, but can't help thinking her attractions very considerably enlarged since I heard that news. Never should have thought of anything but a pleasant acquaintance—guess I'll go in for her now. Goodby, old fell, and don't hurt yourself

working over those books" Ned made no reply, but he felt as if he would like to grind beneath his heel one who could speak so irreverently of her, who, to his idea, combined every grace of heart and mind and perfection of form and feature which should make up a perfect woman. His thoughts turned to action, and he caught himself stamping his heel on the desk stool with such force as almost to dent h hole in it, and, looking up, saw Mr. Smith's steady gaze fixed on him.

Back to his work he tried to bring his thoughts but they were not subject to his will, and he found himself in great danger of writing the thoughts passing through his mind. "She is lost to me now. Oh, how I wish it had never happened!" He shut the book, but away his papers and with that dreary, lost, far-away kind of look passed unheedingly among the throng on the money mart of the New World.

Charley Ashton lost no time in improving his opportunities, for that night found him seated tete-a-tete with Miss Temple in a cosy little room in 21st st.

Miss Temple was an orphan, and had for

years lived with an aunt-her father's sister. An income of \$400 a year had been left her, which at least supplied all absolutely necessary wants. She was not ashamed to assist her aunt about many things some would call menial; and in form and feature, heart and mind, all her acquaintances said, fully sustained the high opinion we have seen Ned Farnham

Ere the evening was over Charley Ashton had succeeded in appearing deeply in love, and not many days passed ere he had proposed and was accepted. Of all her male acquaintances Miss Temple had always preferred the two young men we have men-tioned. It was true she had rather leaned to the quiet, steady Mr. Farnham, but of late he had ceased to visit her, while Mr. Ashton's presence had been almost constant. Hence she had persuaded herself that she

Hence she had persuaded herself that she loved and had accepted him.

Charley urged a speedy mariage, why, came in a conversation too long for me to detail, wherein it appeared that some of the "boys" on the "street" were fixing up a pool to buy up a certain stock, and our friend Aston wanted some of the \$500,000 to put in it. Anna Temple preferred a longer time, urged that time would make them know each other better, especially in the intimate relation they now stood. Charley vowed that he would never change, and he knew that time could never develop any fault in her.

her.
"But." said Miss Temple. "there is another reason, and I think I can be tree with you now. I have spent so much of my little income, and aunt has no spare money, so that I have no means of defraying the necessary expenses."
"But you have the fortune left you by your Australian uncle, and even if you have not received it your agents will certainly

make an advance."
"I have no fortune, dear Charley. Some thought it was mine, but the fortune you probably allude to was left to my cousin, Miss Anna Thompson Temple, to whom I introduced you at the Philharmonic."
"Ah, it was, indeed! She is a favored young lady; and how much does she receive?"

Report said \$500,000, but Cousin Nan been informed by the agents that there at \$10,000 in money, and the rest in es and lots at Melbourne, valued at

weil, really, how these things do

"Ah! well. really, how these things do spread. But to our matters I guess, Miss Anna, you had best have your way."

The hours of that evening dragged heavily along, and as they lengthened Mr. Charles Ashton's manner became more and more formal. He left, and Anna's warm heart was sad as she thought over the cool manner and cooler parting. No sleep came to her eves that night.

"Can it be?" she said to herself a thousand times: "and yet it must, for his manner changed almost from my telling him of Nannie's fortune."

The next night and Charley was not in his usual place, and the next, and still more. About a week afterward a short note informed Miss Temple that "having lost all his savings in a bad speculation he could not think of holding her to an engagement which would be out of his power to consummate in years."

To sav this did not grieve her would be

to consummate in years."

To say this did not grieve her would be Again our two young men met. This time

op Broadway. Charley, gayly sauntering along, hailed Ned in his old familiar way "Well old boy, off early today?" "I've been promoted, and am not obliged to work so late, though I do often; then I think of taking a ride in the park; my head

has ached much of late, and I am more mer-yous than formerly." vous than fermerly."
"Shouldn't work so hard; don't get any thanks for it. By-the-by, that fortune of Miss Temple's turns out to be all in my

eye."
"How-what's that?" was the eager reply
"Well, a Miss Somebody Temple has "Well a Miss Somebody Temple has about one hundred thousand dollars lef her, but it wasn't our pretty little friend." But I heard you were very attentive— he said engaged."
There's no telling what might have been

"There's no telling what might have been but for that fool of an uncle making a mistake in names. However, it's all over now. You know that I at least, can't afford to marry a poor woman, no matter if she is a Peri. I know you entertain some sort of foolish notion that love, etc., will do, but it's all bosh. Give me the dimes, my boy. When poverty comes in at the window, etc., you know. Take my advice and drop all such foolish ide s."

when povert Take my advice and drop all such foolish ide s."
Ashton might as well have talked to the lamp-nost for all the hearing Ned Farnham did. What he was thinking of we cannot say but he did not go to the park that afternoon, but the evening found him in the little parlor, which had been so often graced by Charley's presence. Ere the evening was over he had explained his long absence told of his better prospects, and had offered her his heart and hand. She asked three weeks to consider, he to visit her as often as he pleased. At the end of that time he was accepted, and Anna learned what true love was.

was.

Here my story might end, but there is a secuel. Some months after the engagement Mr. Smith tapped Ned on the shoulder and motioned him to the private office. "Going to marry my niece?" said that gentieman.

"Going to marry my niece?" said that gentleman.
"I am engaged to Miss Anna Temple, sir, and we expect, in a quiet way, to be married one month from today. But I was not aware that she was your niece."
"Neither was I until a few days since. As for your quiet way, understand me, sir—the child of my only sister can be married nowhere else but in my house. Come now, no hinching. I've heard all about it. But she's poor—poor as Job's turkey: and I've too many children to give her more than a decent weedding."

Ned did not understand the expression on

doe many wedding."

Ned did not understand the expression on
Mr. Smith's face, but felt a little angered replied: should never have addressed her, and I

would release her this moment, if I knew she were an heiress."
"No you don't: no you don't. I know you and I know the whole story. You can Ned pondered long over this singular conversation, but not no satisfaction from his own thoughts or from Anna. She repited only by a smile and a kiss.

Nothwithstanding all the urging of her quito."

new-found uncle Anna refused to leave her aut until the time for the wedding. That event came and the ceremony was over. Then Mr. Smith called the young couple into his library, and drawing from his safe a strong iron box, said:

"Now, young man, you're tied nard and fast. Fil tell you, you have got an heiress and a rich one, too. A foolish brother of her father, who would go to Australia, took it into his head to die, not long since, and lett such a botched-up will, that it has taken over six months to get at the straight of ft. We were his agents and kent the mat er to ourselves, because it was a large sum and might create impostors. We soon disposed of the smaller legacy of \$100.000 to Miss Anna Thompson Temple, but the contents of this box. £100,000, in consols, we used more scrutiny in assigning, and in the course of our investigations I not only found the rightful owner of our trust, but the child of my only sister. Sir, you are worthy to foler and, what is of less value, her fortune. The morning papers will announce you as a partner in our house."

[St. Louis Gjobe-Democrat.]

To picture the sedate and matter-of-fact

LUXURIOUS RUSSIAN BATHS.

In the View of the Smart and Fashionable New York Girl, There is Nothing Like Them.

New York Herald The religion of cleanliness is certainly approved by the fashionable women of today, which is the delight of the treasure hunter, if her attendance at the Russian bath may and which in all ages has been the symbol be taken as an evidence of faith. The smart of beauty, purity and worth. please me so much in many a day. falways girl gets upon on Saturday morning about girl gets upon on Saturday morning about S.30 o'clock, has a cup of coffee, puts on her tailor-made frock and round hat and ac"These mussels, early and yant of the Scotch pearl mussel: "These mussels, early in the morning, when companied by her maid, starts for the bath, the sky is clear and temperate, open their reaching it a little after 9 o'clock. The mouths a little above the water, and most duty of her maid consists simply in the greedily swallow the dew of heaven, and dressing and undressing of her, for from the after the quantity and measure of dew minute she is attired in the artistic sheet which they swallow they conceive and she becomes the property of her favorite breed the pearl."

on one of the marble shelves, and made-moiselle stretches herself out there, throws aside her protecting sheet and lets the vapor meander over her, opening the pores of her skin and making her feel delighted with her own flesh. She stays in this position about 25 minutes, the rubber coming to her once of those provisions of nature by which and seeks to protect itself from injury. The oyster pearl springs into existence in two different ways. The first is by the in-troduction into the animal of a foreign sub-stance. In an unguarded moment the oyster may permit a minute grain of sand

about 25 minutes, the rubber coming to her once or twice to ask her if she wants the steam hotter or if she would like a glass of water.

The vapor seems to have the curious effect of loosening the tongue of the average woman, so mademoiselle lies quietly on her couch and looks and listens. She glances at a group of English girls of the standpoint of an artist of the nude, are handsome to the waist, but below that are badly shaped, their ankles being heavy, their feet fiat and their hips too small.

Now it is time to be scrubbed, and the rubber lifts my young lady as if she were a bably; she's stretched out on the marbie slab, scrubbed with soan and not water from her head to her heels turched as if the robber lifts my young lady as if she were a bably; she's stretched out on the marbie slab, scrubbed with soan and not water from her head to her heels turched as if the robber lifts my young lady as if she were a bably; she's stretched out on the marbie slab, scrubbed with soan and not water to be streamed to be a streamed to be streamed to be stands under the should she have the head to be a streamed to be a less affectionate but she doesn't weary him to death; statistics prove that more bru-nettes marry than blondes, but experience ettes marry than blondes, but experience roves that men are not always fondest of

proves that men are not always fondest of their wives."
In comes the maid to sit beside her mistress while she sleeps. At 12.45 o'clock she's awakened, has a bit of a bird and a cup of tea, and then she's dressed to start out, feeling as fresh as possible and to be just on time to meet that dear boy who admired blondes and go to the matinee with him. That's what a Russian bath means to a fashionable girl, and certainly they ought to be encouraged in that p rfect cleanliness without which godliness doesn't come.

How to Treat a Sweetheart.

[Ladies' Home Journal.] When he comes to see you, let me give u a few hints as to your treatment of him; First of all, my dear, don't let him get an tea that your one object in life is to get all you can out of him.

Don't let him believe that you think so

ightly of yourself that whenever he has an dle moment he can find you ready and willing to listen to him.

Don't let him think that you are going out driving with him alone, even if your mother should be lenient enough to permit

s. Don't let him think that you are going to e dance or the frolic with him; you are sing with your brother, or else you are sing to make up a party which will all go gether. Don't let him spend his money on you:

hen he goes away he may bring you a bo sweets, a book or some music; but don't ake him feel that you expect anything it courteous attention.

Don't let him call you by your first name, but courteous attention.

Don't let him call you by your first name, at least not until you are engaged to him, and then only when you are by yourselves.

Don't let him put his arms around you and kiss you; when he put the pretty ring on your finger it meant that you were to be his wife soon, he gained a few rights but not the one of indiscriminate caressing. When he placed it there he was right to put a kiss on your fips; it was the seal of your love; but if you give your kisses too freely they will prove of fittle value. A maiden fair is like a beautiful rich, purple plum; it hangs high up on the tree, and is looked at with envy. He who would get it must work for it, and all the trying should be on his side, so that when he gets it he appreciates it. You know the story of the man who saw a beautiful plum on a tree, which he very much wanted. Next to it hung another plum; it seemed as beautiful, and it was apparently just as sweet as the one he wanted. The seeker for it stood under it for a moment, looked at it with longing eyes, and, behold, the plum dropped into his mouth. Of what value was it then? It was looked at and cast aside. Now take this little story and make it point the moral that I wish it to.

(New York Sun.)
She is here. I do not see her. I dare not ok. Yet I know that I speak the truth. She is here. She whom my wife calls friend. I feel her presence. I smell the perfume of her eyelashes. I hear the fricperfume of her eyelashes. I hear the friction of her thoughts. She is here.
She draws nearer. I lie still. She sighs.
She opens her fam. A gentle breeze steals across my brow. She draws still nearer. I scarcely dare to breathe. She thinks me asleep. I try to still my pulses. Her gown brushes my hair. My heart stands still. She leans over me. My brain reels. I feel her breath upon my brow. I am fainting with the exhaustion of lying still. She kisses me. I gasp and spring to my feet.
What my wife! And I must give her a pair of \$10 gloves? I would faint again.

Been There Before.

Texas Siftings.]
Emily-Did George propose last night as ou thought he would?

Rose (without much enthusiasm)-Yes, he Emily-Did you accept him?

Rose-Of course. Emily-But you don't appear to be very py over it.
ose—I am not. There is a gathering
bt about George in my mind.
mily—You surprise me. On what ace-He didn't appear to be sufficiently nervous over it. (Throwing herself into ner friend's arms and bursting into tears.) Oh. Emily. I'm afraid George has proposed to some other girl before!

A Wicked Plot. [Puck.]

First poet—I am going to get even with the editor of the Nogood Magazine. Second poet-How? First poet—I've sent him a poem, and I've poisoned the mucilage on the return envelope.

His First Night in N. J.

"Parker," cried his lordship to his valet, listen, there is a band approaching to serenade us. Can you catch the tune?

Parker. "That is not a band. It is a mos-

To picture the sedate and matter-of-fact oyster as rising to the surface of the ocean to drink in the dew of heaven may well be regarded as a stretch of the imagination worthy of the most fanciful weaver of romances. Yet such was stated by earl writers to be the origin of the pearl, that gem which is deemed worthy to deck the

rubber—usually some great. big. strong
woman who manages her as if she were a
way by the stern realities of sober fact. ittle baby.

By the time she is in the steam room a the birth of the pearl is anything but a poetibed formed of blankets has been arranged cal affair. It is due to an accident, and to on one of the marble shelves, and made-

stance. In an unguarded moment the oyster may permit a minute grain of sand

pear shaped.

This is the true pearl. Its size, of course, depends upon the length of time to which the process is continued, as the pearl is enlarged by constant deposits from year to year.

Considerable ingenuity has been exercised

Considerable ingenuity has been exercised in the manufacture of artificial pearls. The French have attained the greatest excellence in this industry. From a small fish called the bleak the scales are scraped washed and pressed between folds of linen cloth of fine texture. A fluid then slowly trickles from them, and when it has been filtered often enough to attain the requisite degree of purity is mixed with an alkaline substance to arrest the decay of animal matter.

substance to arrest the decay of animal mathemans to a letr. This is the precious "Essence d'Orient." to produce a pound of which several thousen't come.

This is the precious "Essence d'Orient." to produce a pound of which several thousen't come.

The sand of the fish are required. The addition of a small quantity of isingless completes the preparation of the fluid for use. The sesence is now injected into hollow spheres of colorless glass until it covers the surface of the interior. Instantly the glass bead is transformed into an admirable imitation of a pearl. In fact, the counterfeit is so perfect that it can only be detected by weight.

The Italians also make artificial pearls, The Italians also make artificial pearls, but in an entirely different way. They insert skilfully colored warnishes into glass beads; and also cover porcelain spheres with a cement made from finely powdered mother-of-pearl. These imitations are pretty ornaments, but do not make any pretence of competing with the genuine article. The production of pearls by assisted The production of pearls by assisted propagation is a curious industry which has been carried on more successfully by the Chinese than by any other people. They take the mussels from their beds, and, pry-ing open the shells, or boring holes through

em, insert small moulds or beads so tha them, insert small moulds or beads so that they will be in the soft flesh.

The animals, being unable to expel these foreign bedies, immediately begin to cover them with nacre, as described in the natural pearl-making process. In a year a complete coating is formed, but the beauty of the pearl is greatly enhanced by allowing it to remain undisturbed for two or three years.

years.
These pearls, however, are seldom perfect

years.

These pearls, however, are seldom perfect in shape, because it is almost impossible to obtain or manufacture kernels of flawless, spherical form. The deposit of nacre, of course, follows every inequality of surface in the artificial melds.

The most famous pearl fisheries in the world are near the coasts of Ceylon, Japan, Java and Sumatra, and in the Persian guif, although pearls in limited quantities are obtained in the streams of various countries. Ceylon, however, stands in the greatest renown for its pearls and pearl divers.

Ceylon is an island in the Indian ocean, about 10 miles south of Hindostan. It presents great contrasts of scenery, from precipitous and picturesque rocks to level plains of sand. The pearl oyster banks are on the west coast, and here, at certain times of the year, villages suddenly spring up and are as suddenly abandoned at the beginning and end of the diving season.

The formation of one of these villages is a strange sight. Bleak and deserted wastes of barren land suddenly become populated, great throngs of people clad in gay colors rapidly assemble, and there is a confusion of tongues where but a short time before only the swash of ocean waves was heard. Besides the divers there are provision dealers, boat repairers, traders, laborers, merchants from many nations, and priests.

Besides the divers there are provision dealers, boat repairers, traders, laborers, merchants from many nations, and priests.

Before the civers begin their work there are blessings and magic spells from priests and sorcerers to drive away the sharks and bring good luck. These incantations are, of course, roundly paid for. The boats start out late at night so that operations may begin at daybreak.

The divers have small instruments for compressing their nestrils and beeswax to stop the apertures in their ears. Each one holds a block of stone between his feet to aid his descent. Leaping from the boat and plunging beneath the waves, the divers reach the bottom, where they run about swiftly and fill their bags with oysters as quickly as possible. When one is ready to his boat by a rope.

yer a minute, on an average, while two minutes taxes the most expert. A very few who have stayed under four or five minutes have won great reputations for their exhave won great reputations for their ex-traordinary endurance.

The occupation is injurious to the health, as it requires an immense amount of exer uon. Divers are short-lived, subject to various diseases, and have been known to expire suddenly on reaching the surface of the

is boat by a rope. Divers cannot remain in the water for

[Judge.]
A traveller is about leaving a hotel. oter. One peculiarity of pearls is that, unlike 'Well, landlord, here's a pretty how-d'ye lo: you go and charge me two dollars and a half for a bed, when you know very well that the house was so full I had to sleep on the billiard table."

"Well, sir, please look at our rules posted up on the wall there—"Use of billiard table 25 cents an hour."

disease, and crumbles into dust. Such is reputed to have been the fate of the most magnificent specimen ever known.

It was found by an ignorant isherman, who disposed of it for an insignificant sum. Passing through successive hands, it finally became the property of a Russian merchant and found a possessor who knew its immense value and prized it accordingly.

He kept it carefully in a secluded room of his magnificent mansion, apart from all other of his treasures. It was the wonder and admiration of favored friends who were permitted to look at it. The merchant inally became involved in a political conspiracy and fled to Parls, taking his one great treasure with him. He kept it hidden for a time, but at last consented to show it to some distinguished lovers of precious stones. But when he opened the casket he fell back in dismay and staggered as though stricken with death. The gem had begun to chance color. A fatal disease had attacked it. It soon was a worthless heap of white powder, and the once wealthy merchant was a paquer.

The death of a pearl is caused by decom-Billy and Johnny were playing pitch and toss with a lemon over a cistern.
"What are you doing, boys?" asked the minister. "Makin' Sunday school lemonade." said Billy.

And both boys laughed so heartily that they got no merit cards for a month. At Chatham sq.-Guard-All aboard, miss,

chant was a pauper.

The death of a pearl is caused by decom-

A MODERN HAZARD.

position of the animal membrane which enters into its substance
Pearls have been put to some strange uses. All have heard of Mark Antony and Cleopatra drinking them dissolved in vinegar, and Sir Thomas Gresham once swallowed one in a glass of wine in order that he might pay due tribute to his noble queen in drinking her health.

Lovers have used pearl dust to dry the ink of their letters, and powdered pearls in the olden times were supposed to possess remarkable medicinal qualities.

The late Mr. Hope of England owned the most noted pearl of modern times, It weighed 1800 grains, and, although not perfect in form, was of such enormous value that no market price was ever put on it. Can Friendship Between Man and Woman Exist?

Plato Responsible for Quite as Much Human Misery as Cupid Causes.

Friendship Possible Without Love, but Must be Founded on Sympathy.

world.

Pearls never go out of fashion. From ancient times until the present day they have been sought at the peril of human life, and valued wherever things of beauty are prized. They are a staple gem among jewellers, and their sale is limited only by the length of their admirers' purses. [Fannie Avmar Mathews in New York Star.] Many are the hazards, both ancient and modern, but the one which I esteem a peculiarly modern one is the hazard of presumed to exist, between woman and woman or between man and man. I mean A Street Car Conductor Has Hard Work to Find Him, But His Fare Was Paid friendship as it is asserted to exist, and as it by His Friend on the Rear Platform. I do not mean to be understood as con-[Chicago Tribune.]
Four men stood on the rear platform of a sidering friendships between unmarried Cottage Grove av. car. Several stood on the front platform. The car within was men and women, but friendships in those cases where both men and women are mar-

One of the men on the rear platform hand-In this attitude of friendship the hazard "I pay for two-my friend, who is forward, comes into play with a force, a persistence, a directness, which may neither be denied "Which is your friend?" asked the connor overlooked, ignored nor smiled at.
In the first place, such friendships can only have their initiation in the primal fact of

ried, or where the one is married and the

Very soon after the conductor was workan unfortunate marriage relation. ing his way forward through the crowded car. He jostled against the forms that were In a state of perfect marriage there is no possible room or chance for a friendship of swinging like so many flying trapeze artists this character. The husband is so filled, from the straps. The long-legged man who satisfied, glorified and elated with his one chosen and won woman, that to him all other women and their sympathies and ideals are emphatically non-existent; the was sitting doubled himself closer to avoid A man on the strap offered his fare. The cenductor looked at him and said:
"Your friend on the rear of the car paid wife is so immersed, intensified, cradled and content in her lord that for her all other

your fare."
"I have no friend on the rear platform."
growled the man who had offered his men are as shadows beside him.
Thus it is clearly to be seen that a modern friendship between a man and a woman, one or other or both of whom are already "The gentleman on the rear platform said he paid for a red-headed man, and your bair is red," said the conductor, who didn't mean married, holds within its mevitable compass the hollow of a most positive hazardis red," said the conductor, who didn't mean any discourtesy.

"Blame your impertinence." roared the man, "didn't I tell you I had no friend? Here, take this fare if you want it, and look around you and see if there isn't some one else in your infermal sardine box who has red hair." the hazard that this friendship will, sooner or later, emphasize itself through the gradations of mutual affinity, similarity of tastes, correspondence of standards and red hair."

Now it happened that the long-legged man, who had eyed the coming of the conductor with apprehension, had a growth of fiery red hair. The conductor spied Elongatus and made for him.

"I haid my own fare when I got on at 16th st." he said.
"So you did, sir," answered the conductor, right politely.

"Then why in Sam Hill do you come for it again?" sympathy of motives and beliefs into nothing short of a passional and reciprocal love. The question I would ask, and attempt to answar, is this:

answer, is this:

Is the modern woman capable of such a friendship without permitting it to degenerate into that which is sin?

Is the modern man capable of such a friendship without urging it to a point where sin begins, ends and has being.

I believe that both the modern man and the modern woman are entirely capable of this what I may call an almost extraordinary state of feeling.

It is asserted by some thinkers and observers that friendship, pure etsimple—what is commonly called "Platonic affection"—is a fact of common occurrence between men and women situated as I have described.

"Then why in Sam Hill do you come for it again?"
"The gentleman on the rear platform said he paid for his red-headed friend, and I noticed that your head is red and —"
"No remarks from you, sir, about my hair! You are a puppy. Go long and attend to your business."
It was evident that the conductor was getting into water up to his chin—meta-

This I do not believe.

I believe that Plato is responsible for as many miseries of the heart as Cupid, and, to my mind. Eros has no more efficient ally than the man who subscribes to a state of feeling which cannot be proved even to have existed.

Platonic affection may be a result; it cannot ever be a cause,

No man and woman ever got started out on a Platonic friendship armed and equipped for its safe conduct.

Platonic friendship does not Mineye the getting into water up to his chin-metaphorically.

A man with a mackintosh about his form
and a rimless derby on one side of his head
touched the hem of the roundabout of the
conductor, and as the conductor stooped to
hear what the mackintosh had to say, the
mackintosh whispered:

"There's a red-headed chap in the corner
talking to his girl. I guess he's the chap
you are looking for."

The conductor said "Thanks"—there are
so many people who pretend to know what
is the proper thing, who say thanks. The
conductor swung several forms around in
making his way to the corner where a little
man was talking to a tall woman about "so
much wet weather."

The conductor to conduct the little man's ife conduct. ic friendship does not, Minerva-like.

Platonic friendship does not, Minerva-like, spring from the mental equilibrium of any man and woman who ever yet breathed, alfhough it undoubtedly does succeed a romantic love attachment in very many cases, especially those where there is some brain power in reserve to re-inforce the failing fancy of the time of hazard.

Arcuing, then, from my own chosen standpoint, that even the most Platonic friendship in the world is merely an eventuation from some form of love, I may be supposed to have taken rather an untenable position when I say that I earnestly believe that the man and woman of today are both capable of entertaining for each other a friendship which is de facto love, and doing so without transgressing the bonds that may bind one or both to another, and without disgracing their own individual man and womanhood. man was taking to a tail woman about much wet weather."

The conductor touched the little man's sleeve and said. "Fareplease."

The little man swelled up and paid:

'You fellahs don't know yo' business. Why don't you buy an amatuah photographic outfit and take the pictuahs of yo' passengers who pay they faihs? Now "None of your business if I have."
"None of your business if I have."
"I beg your pardon," replied the conductor. "A gentleman on the rear platform aid he paid for a red-headed friend."
"Then why do you ask me for fare again?" creeched the little man. heir own individual man and womanhood I believe, in brief, that there are such hings left in the world as honor, purity and

conductor:
"I refuse to answah," put in the little
man, who then turned to the lady and said
that he sometimes thought he would never
ride in another street car. "Besides," he
said, with a blush, "my hair is not red."
The conductor went back to the rear plot.

The conductor went hack to the rear plot.

Can be said, with a blush, "my hair is not red."

The conductor went hack to the rear plot.

Can be said with a blush in the world as honor, purity and
absolute undeviating rectifued, not only of
purpose, but of performance.

At once the objection is raised, "How can
an absolute undeviating rectifued of purpose and performance be declared to be coexistent with the bare stolld fact that a marexistent with the bare stolid fact that a mar-ried man or woman finds, seeks, solicits and enjoys the society, the conversation, the accord of any other than their husband or wife?" lam willing to admit that, looking at mar-

The conductor went back to the rear platform and handed a nickel to the man who had given him 10 cents.

"What's that for?" asked the man.
"That's all right" said the conductor with an air of in ured innocence.
"But I don't understand it." said the man.
"You may think it is the first of April." said the conductor, "but it isn't. I'm in an extra nickel; but that's all right."
"I certainly don't understand you," said the passenger. "I gave you 10 cents for two passengers—my friend and myself. I told you my friend was forward."
"Yes, I know you did." said the conductor. "You said he had a red head, too, didn't you?"
"Yes, I said that so you would know him."

wite?"

lam willing to admit that, looking at marriage as a state which is only entered into by men and women of full mental, moral and spiritual growth, the idea even of looking outside of its barriers for aught of consolation, trust or compatibility is a preposterous thing.

But the real state of the case warrants no such premise.

The real state of the case, in five cases at least out of ten, is that the man marries before he is 30—often long before it; the woman before she is 25; that "love" is soon discovered to be but a word; that in one case the man stands still while the woman gradually attains to het perfection and maturity, while in the other the woman remains in statu quo, whereas the man develops from a state of quasi-adolescence into the roundness and entire capacity of his manhood, and the result is the hundreds and hundreds of husbands and wives who have no more in common with each other than have the feopard and the lamb.

I write of the exceptional man and the exceptional woman. The creatures of our day, our hour, with their magnificent possibilities, their magnificent craviags, their glorious deals, their incarnate recognitions each of each, and their solendid wisdom of refinement, which makes gods of them, and makes true my assertion that between this man and this woman, severed by law, religion and honor, a friendship of love as pure as any that ever could have existed in the days before the serpent entered into Paradise is a possible thing.

And granting that the real state of the case is that men and women marry each other years before either one of them has the least commensurate suspicion of what he exception of the case is that men and women marry each other years before either one of them has the least commensurate suspicion of what he read the case is that men and women marry each other years before either one of them has the least commensurate suspicion of what he case is that men and women marry each other years before either one of them has the least commensurate suspicion of what

case is that men and women marry each other years before either one of them has the least commensurate suspicion of what he or she is qoing; granting that one progresses and the other does not; granting that the word "companionship" is a mockery used in connection with them; granted, as is too often the case, that the one is a clod and the other clytic, what remains? Does any thinking human being dare to lay down as a fixed, immutable law that a man or woman so situated shall not lift the cup of a draught divine to his hips if he find it shall not spread his soul in the sunshine of a superb and apprehending comprehension? Shall not yearn over and biess and profit by the unutterable sweetness of that which we inadequately christen sympathetic completeness each in each? Shall not know the exquisite tension of mind acting upon mind, soul upon soul?

It seems to me that no person who thinks profoundly can venture to declare that this is siff.

That it may lead to sin, yes.

That it does not lead to sin, yes.

ieve. I think, moreover, that it is quite possible for a man or woman who is a believer to yet grant to himself or herself such a friend-ship as I have portrayed, and to feel no re-luctance in acknowledging it when it might

leasert that it is a hazard. I also assert that in the hands of the exceptional modern man and woman of our day it becomes a hope: a hope that may ennoble elevate purify and help each to bear the better and the more patiently the burden which cir cumstances have laid upon their lives. Why Woman is Man's Best Friend. [Edward W. Bock in Ladies' Home Journal.]

First and foremost woman is man's best

friend:
Because she is his mother. Second, because she is his wife. Because she is patient with him in illness endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him. Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe in him, if she loves him,

Because without her he would be rude.

because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and of congentle words, of kindly thought and of consideration.

Because she can with him endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.

Because, on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards.

Because when he is behaving like a fretful boy-and we all do, you know, at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of himself, as he ought to be.

make him ashamed of himself, as he ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy: there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written there would be no beautiful pictures painted: there would be no divine strains of melody.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world had reached an unma. Guard-Jump aboard: I'll attend to that. all-

enviable state of wickedness the blessed task of bringing it a Saviour for all man-kind was given to a woman, which was God's way of setting his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and

THEIR FIRST GREAT SORROW.

How Sunshine Came Again to the Home Had Rolled Up En Masse.

Mr. and Mrs. Bolivar Pyke had been married about six weeks and were still oppressively happy. Not a ripple of discord had stirred the frog pond of their domestic harmony, and their life had run as smoothly and unobstructedly as a Chicago base ball club's progress down the toboggan slide. there was anything that could have made Bolivar happier he didn't know what it was, unless, possibly, it was to hear that his tough, leathery and grasping old uncle in friendship. When I say friendship. I do not California had gone to the good world, mean that phase of feeling as it exists, or is while the addition of 40 more cupboards and closets to the house could hardly have added to the felicity of his young wife. This may sound like exaggeration, but really does exist, between man and woman. you have positively no idea how unreasonable and absurdly happy these two young

persons were.

It was an evening in May—an ordinary evening in May, 1890—and the rain hadn't stopped. It was falling as it fell in the 17th day of the second month of the 600th year the life of one Noah, and in sheer despart the signal service man had begun to predict wet weather.

"Buenavista," said Bolivar, looking abstractedly about the room, "if it wouldn't be asking too great a favor—"

"What is it, dear," asked Mrs. Pyke, tenderly.

"Please try the other knee awhile. This one is getting tired." persons were.

one is getting tired."

"You have never said anything like that before, Bolivar." she protested, reproachfully. "Perhaps I'd better go and sit on a Jane! Jane! Run for the doctor, for good-there."

chair."

"Now.don'tget huffy, darling. You don't look so pretty when you frown."

"I am not frowning, Bolivar."

"You certainly are, Buenavista."

"Then I don't look pretty!" she exclaimed, bouncing up and seating herself 10 feet away." All right, Mr. Pyke! You—you—you're getting tired of me. I—F-wish I was—"

I was—"
"Now look here, Buenavista, don't be foolish. There's nothing to quarrel about."
"I'm not quarrelling, sir! I'm not going to quarrel, either. If there's anything of that kind done you will be the one whe does it the Parke!"

that kind done you will be the one whe does it. Mr. Pyke."
I am glad to hear it. my dear."
"You needn't call me your dear. I am not dear to you any more."
"I thought you said you were not going to quarrel."
"I did, sir. and I am not. In spite of your conduct, Mr. Pyke, I am still your loving wife."

wife."
"Then, dearest—"
"No, sir, I am not your dearest."
"Well, Buenavista, then—if you prefer it—if you are still my loving wife, won't you please sing something?"
"What for? Are you afraid I'll try to sit on'your knee again? You needn't—"
"No, no, Buenavista. I thought it might clear up the atmosphere of this room a little. That's all."

With the aspect of a martyr going cheerWith the aspect of a martyr going cheer-

tle. That's all."

With the aspect of a martyr going cheerfully to the stake, Mrs. Pyke went to the plano and sat down before it.

"What shall I sing." she asked meekly.
"Perhaps—h'm—perhaps it would make things seem more cheerful if you should tackle 'Home. Sweet Home."

Mrs. Pyke fixed her eves on a spot near the ceiling where the wall paper didn't exactly match and wailed out the touching melody:

the ceiling where the wa!! paper didn't exactly match and wailed out the touching melody:

"'Mid ple-a-a-sures and pa-a-alaces tho-o-ugh'-I know well enough, Mr. Pyke, you have only asked me sing this to make me appear ridiculous, but I am going to do it!—we may ro-o-o-am, Beite-e-ev-er so'-I think any man who tries to make his wife the object of ridicule never, never cared anything for her—'hu u-u-mbie there's no-o-o place like'=I have always done everything I could to make home pl-pl-pleasant, and you-you know it—'ho-o-ome. A cha-a-arm from the ski-i-ies seems to'—seems like the ghastliest mockery in the world, but you would have it—'ha-a-llo-o-ow us the-e-ere. Whoch, se-e-eek through the w-o-o-orld/is ne'er me-e et with elsewhe-e-ere, Ho-o-o-ome, ho-ome, sw'-I'll sing it through if it k-k-ills me—'swe-s-t, swe-e-et home. There's no-o-place'—ain't you ashamed of yourself, Bolivar Pyke, to sit there pretending you care anything about our home any more, or me either?—'ho-o-me. There's no-o-oo blace like'-B-B-Bolivar, dear, I can't! Yes, I will! I will -'ho-o-ome!"

As her quavering voice sounded the last word of the song a manly voice joined in with a deep bass, her trembling little ingers were gathered in a close grasp, her head sank on Bolivar's shoulder, and—But what business has any outside barbarian to be intruding? Let us retire.

How Girls Become Models.

I remember the story of an artist's model in town. This model was a girl. She had been well aware of the beauty of her form, and had utilized it for a small salary in dis playing wraps and cloaks in a large store

playing wraps and cloaks in a large store on 6th av. From those stores many artists' models graduate, and so did she. Some artist saw her and opened to her eyes the possibility of greater earnings by becoming a model. For some time she posed in full attire and then necessity compelled her to adopt more of less partial costumes to meet the requirements of her employers.

At last, by the natural process in such cases, she was induced to pose without any covering. The artist who told me this story saw her at that time, and so keenly did she feel the mental, moral, and physical discomfort of her position that he supposed she would never be induced to pose in that way again. He lost sight of her for a year, and then, having an order that required a nude model, looked up her address and sent for her. He said she had become in that time perfectly habituated to her work. In the intervals, when he allowed her to real time perfectly habituated to her work. In the intervals, when he allowed her to rest, she sat about at perfect ease and with per-fect nonchalance, smoking cigarettes and chatting, without taking the trouble to even partially clothe herself,

Are Women Careless of Money?

[Ladies' Home Journal.] No woman, at least in America, has any such talent as a man has for spending money. She spends for what she believes to be beauty-for raiment, books, jewels. decoration, furniture, pictures, marblerarely for what does her serious harm. He spends most for his vices, for the things that hurt him greatly. He is apt to gamble, to speculate, to bring evil to others rom his love of pleasure or of gain. He will get rid of more money in a month than she would in years. She would, however, ignorant of it, be appalled by the sums he dissipates. She is constitutionally conservative; bir statements of any sort are likely to alarm her. Unless desperate or frenzied, she invariably stops short of extremes. She trembles and turns pale, where he, in the flush of egotism, moves undisturbed.

Nearly all the talk of woman's carelessness of money is really idle. The opinion cannot be sustained. It is mainly the echo of misapprehension. Where she is even partially enlightened on the sub ect, she is prone to be very cautious in its use. Her temperamental tendency is to the opposite of carelessness. rarely for what does her serious harm. He

The Power of a Uniform.

[St. James Budget.]

Three juvenile officers, quartered at the Curragh, having speat their all in Dublin were in straits as to how they should return days."

Something to do; some congeni I work Take away the occupation of all men and what a wretched world it would be. Hall of it would commit suicide in less than 10 days." were in straits as to how they should return o headquarters. A, known to be the most roken of the party, loftily offered to frank them back. His companions accepted. At the mack. His companions accepted. At the last station but one A was observed to alight hurriedly. On his return he presented his friends with tickets.

"How on earth did you get them?" they asked.

"Oh, it's perfectly easy: just walk down the platform and say. "Tickets, gentlamen!" There are three, and I've got six more."

Truthful. [New York Weekly.] Tramp-I'd like a drink, but I don't suppose you'd want to change this five-dollar Bartender (briskly)-No trouble about

Tramp-Tnanks. Ah? That's good whis-Bartender-Eh? Lookee here! This bill

"Entirely so, my darling; but why do you

To Suit the Occasion. [Judge.] "Well, my dear, are you quite sure that the new play we are going to see tonight is

change. Here's your medicine.

Because if I have to blush much I had better wear my scarlet corsage; it would make a prettier effect." At the Police Station.

Jones-Sergeant, I've just stopped to say that my little boy has strayed away from Will you kindly instruct the men to look out for him? He is 6 years old and stutters badly.

Sergt. McGuff—Ah! I see, he who hesitates is lost.

At all y late, is thou an exception when a woman ruins a man financially, or otherwise indeed? He is very ready to proclaim himself ruined by her; he seems to think that the charge relieves him. He is so constantly the cause of her ruin that he is anx-

[The Jester.]

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

sweetheart, and, therefore, man's best friend. He Had a Headache and His Wife Was Worried.

of Bolivar Pyke After the Clouds Dispersing a Pain by Bringing Into Life a Greater Agony.

> A Dialogue That Husbands Will Enjoy, While Wives All Sneer in Scorn.

[Manley H. Pike in Puck. Time, 9 a. m. Mr. and Mrs. Fidget, rising from breakfast.
Mr. Fidget (dully)—I don't think I'll go down to the office this morning, Nervia.

I've a slight headache.

Mrs. Fidget (excited)—O Roscoe, have you? Does it hurt, Roscoe? I noticed that you didn't seem well; and now you look ghastly. Which side is it on—or is it both sides? Oh, I know you're going to be ill! Mr. Fidget-It's nothing but a little head-ache-that's everything it is—and if I lie down I'll be all right by noon. Just let me-Mrs. Fidget (clasping her hands)—Oh. yes yes; you must lie down at once. Here, on the sofa: and I'll pull down all the curtains. and we'll have the doctor at once; and, while we're waiting, Jane shall make you

some gruel, and you must take medicine mmediately. Jane! Jane! Mr. Fidget (flinging himself on the sofa)-

ness gracious sake! No: first bring me the arnica bottle, some ammonia, and—no; don't do that first-heat two or three towels and a brick-no, no; before that make a mustard plaster, and bring in a tub of boiling hot water!

Mr. Fidget (groaning)-Heavens, I shall go crazy! Mrs. Fidget (rushing to him)-You poor dear, you're suffering awfully, aren't you?
Let me cover you up with this afghan.
You're going to have a chill, I know you are!
Mr. Fidget (kicking off the afghan and

sitting up)-Nervia, will you leave me alone, please! If I can only be quiet an hour or Mrs. Fidget (oblivious)-Oh, dear, oh dear, I can't remember-It's either a head ache that brings on some disease which

whichever it is!

Mr. Fidget (sinking back on sofa)—Great guns! I shall have a braim fever, anyhow, if this keeps on!

Mrs. Fidget (paroxysmally)—Oh. Roscoe. didn't your aunt say, when she called here three months ago last Tuesday afternoon, that your great-uncle Amos died of creeping paralysis, complicated with—there. I recollect now! Its paralysis which begins with "p."; but what is the other disease which begins with "d?" Dyspepsia, dyspnza—(screaming) oh, Jane. Jane, why don't you make that gruel and heat the three towels and the brick?

mate that great and near the three towers and the brick?

Mr. Fidget-Merciful powers! (Stonily)
Nervia, if you've a remnant of sense left, listen to me one instant. I've nothing but a slight headache. I want to take a nap. I want to be left alone. And I want to be let

want to be left alone. And I want to be let alone!

Mrs. Fidget (anxiously)—Are your feet cold, Roscoe?

Mr. Fidget (gruffly)—No!
Mrs. Fidget ureflectively)—They should be, if it's paralysis. But perhaps this is the other thing which begins with "d." Warm feet are probably a symptom of that. Roscoe!

Mr. Fidget (preity surily)—Wuh?
Mrs. Fidget (in deep thought)—My cousin Alfred didn't have paralysis—which is what reminds me of it—but something that made him shout "Murder!" and kick the footboard off the bed when the doctor tried to examine his tongue—he got well again, you know, and borrowed \$35 of you last week—and they cured him with electricity—well, I was wondering whether we mightn't use the telephone somehow on you, or that burylers larm you had put on the drawing.

the telephone somehow on you, or that burglar-alarm you had put on the drawing-room windows—but we might all be blown up together if we tried it, and so— Mr. Fidget (sotto yoce)—I nover knew her quite up to this before. Mrs. Fidget (taking a new tack)—Roscoe, how's your pulse? Let me feel it. One, two. how's your pulse? Let me feel it. One, two three, four-oh, dear. I've lost count, and don't know whether that last one was sever or eight—and, oh, Roscoe, do you remember whether the normal pulse is 10 a minute or 117? Somebody I used to know had one, and another person had the other—wrich is right I can't say—only they both died, that I'm certain of. Oh, gracious me, what

shall I do?

Mr. Fidget (striving for calmness)—Don't do anything—go off—leave me in beace—in heaven's name, stop fussing!

Mrs. Fidget (in a fresh fit)—Roscoe, are you getting delirious? Your head's growing hotter and hotter! Your face is as red as a beet! Why doesn't Jane go for the dector? I've done everything I can think of: indeed have! And she hasn't even made the gruel yet—what can that girl be doing? And if he's going out of his mind, he ought to have somelody to restrain him; truly he ought! Oh, where's that mustard plaster? Roscoe, can you think of any men who'd be willing to come and hold you down in bed? We might send to the police station, or to the commissioners of lunacy—Mr. Fidget (bouncing up with a jerk)—I'm well! Confound tt. I've got to be well!

Do you hear, Nervia? Headache's all gone—flown—vanished—disappeared! Bring my boots, Jane! I'm well. I tell you, Nervia!

Mrs. Fidget (in joyful agitation)—Are you, really, Roscoe? Are you sure? Oh, I'm so glad that I've nursed you so successfully! But perhaps you'd better take the gruel and arnica, all the same, and have some hot water poured on your spine—
Mr. Fidget (in a hurry)—I can catch my train now if I run. Yes, you're an excellent nurse. Nervia—asplendic one! Boots, Jane!

Jane (entering)—Here they be, sor. Oi've been puttin' a taste o' blackin' onto 'em all this while, for Oi knew ye'd want 'em ixtramely soon—wid the misthress a-noarsin' of ye, sor!

Mrs. Fidget (proudly)—Indeed he would! shall I do? Mr. Fidget (striving for calmness)—Don't

in' of ye, sor!

Mrs. Fidget (proudly)-Indeed he would
For I brought you through safely, didn't I

The Secret of Happiness. [John Burroughs in June Chautauquan.] "Happiness comes most to people who seek her least and think least about her. It is not an object to be sought; it is a state to be induced. It must follow and not lead. must overtake you, and not you overtake." In the course of his sound philosophizit." In the course of his sound philosophizing he says: "A contented mind is the first condition of happiness, but what is the first condition of a contented mind? You will be disappointed when I tell you what this all important thing is, it is so common, so near at hand, and so many people have so much of it and yet are not happy. They have too much of it, or else the kind that is not best suited to them. What is the best thing for a stream? It is to keep moving. If it stops it staxmates, So the best thing for a man is that which keeps the currents going, the physical, moral and intellectual going, the physical, moral and intell currents. Hence the secret of happiness is

> A Tough Yarn. [Argonaut.]

A servant boy was sent to the jeweler's with a valuable ring. He took it out of its ox to admire it, and, passing over a plankbridge, let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it, he ran away to sea, finally settled in a colony, made a large innally settled in a colony, made a large fortune, came back after many years and bought the estate on which he had been servant. One day, while walking over his land with a friend, he came to the plankbridge, and there told his story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped," When he withdrew his stick, the ring was on the end of it. Do Women Ruin Men?

Women are frequently accused of ruining Bartender-Eh? Lookee here! This bill their fathers and huslands by wilful extrawagance, with an emphasis on the adective. They probably do assist at their downfall, in repeated instances, not from wilfulness, but from lack of understanding of the value and uses of money. The ing of the value and uses of money. The idea of any normal representative woman being so malignant or reckless, or inconsiderate as to gratify her taste, her love of adornment, or her sense of luxury, with any consciousness or suspicion of such a result is preposterous, especially when she is supposed to esteem and love the man she arliberately undoes. Such a thing is so entirely foreign to her nature as to be beyond hypothesis. She would not be capable of it, if she was tetally indifferent to the man. Nothing but the densest selfishness or the deepest malice would furnish the motive for such an act, which is, as a rule, incompatible with woman's nature or woman's methods,

At any rate, is it not an exception when a

Junius Henri Browne in Ladies' Home Journal

ruin themselves in a monetary sense par-ticularly, but lack the courage to avow it. Their weakness destroys them, and they dislike to acknoweldie weakness; they pre-fer to give it the name of some picturesque

BRIC-A-BRAC.

ious to turn the tables on her. And to be

ruined by a woman sounds romattic, is calculated to excite pity and sympathy, to put him in the position of a martyr, specially in the eyes of his own sex. Men almost always

Song.

When it blooms all over with rosy snow,
And hark! how he opens his heart to me,
Till its inmost hopes and desires I know!
Blow, winds, blow,
For the thrush will fly when the bloom must go

O, a friend I had, and I loved him well, And his heart was open and sang to mine, And it pains me more than I choose to tell.

Sweet labor, browned-cheeked as the chestnut-burn Thy lightest law my lagging spirit spurs.

They are the happiest who know most pain, In even the saddest life, to every tear A thousand smiles are shed—our rainiest year Has more of sunshine in it than of rain Joy's golden ring o'ermeasures sorrow's train.
Ah, point me out that form that o'er the bier
Has longest linger'd, shaking in sincere Exuberancy of grief, has oftest lain Upon a noonday couch in costasy
Of midnight wretchedness, and I will say:
There is the heart that beats the quickest time 'Neath loves soft finger-touch. Capacity

One Humble Prayer. [Felare A. Sisterly in Indianapolis News.] Each day one humble prayer I make with zest, I, who to general sins am blind enough, hat one day Jenking.
To that great chestnut,
"Some That one day Jenkins will give needed rest

clinging stuff." The columns of "society" are drear, And misspelled names make mere existence rough But when dear Jenkins lies upon the bier

[Sam 8. Stinson in Philadelphia Times.] My lips are still moist from her kisses, Her breath is still scenting my hair, And in fancy I see her eyes beaming Their innocent, baby-like stare.

Her voice was the voice of a bird, And I listened, content in my silence, Content that I saw-that I heard. Ah, vision, too transient, too fleeting, I conjure thee up every hour; *
But alas! all the brilliance has vanished Like the sweets from a withering flower. For I think of the truffles last evening-

Two Voices.

[Life.] THE GROWLER. I do not like to be a man. Despite the fish's lot; In fact, I'd care not in the least,

If I were not. THE HAPPY MAN. I'm really glad I'm what I am, Though I should never growl, If I'd been born a silent clam, It seems one joyous psalm-I simply overflow with glee,

Because-I am Those Eves.

[Washington Star.] Her eyes are brown," you say. Perhaps they are, would not say they were not. I am fa from saying what I do not know; and I Or brown, or gray, or other shade or hue; That is enough for me; the world lies there, And light or dark that world is wondrous fair-I see that which should make a man more fond Than any touch or color, tint or shade; And seeing that, my peace is quickly in

[Emma A. Opper in Judge.]

Discussed the daily news and poli In trembling love I sent her mother flower At vast expense; exerted all my powers; Carried her packages and held her shaw!!
And talked about dyspepsia. Hours and hours
Played checkers with her brother, young and small And wearisome. Walked with her uncle; took

Her aunt to drive; made presents to the cook, The gardener, And 'neath the weak'ning strain Knew, with the shrinking of my pocketbook, A loss of flesh and reeling of the brain. What mingling, then, of happiness and ire,

Of bliss and rage, when my throbbing desire
I panted forth—and she with downcast smile
Murmured, with tender color mounting higher,
"Yes, dearest, yes! I've liked you all the while."

The Death of Love. A little," pleaded Love;

That you think I can never be grown quite cold; So cold that your kiss cannot warm me But hear me, if you stifle me Just a little too far,
If you keep your love locked up too long,
That is water and bread and air to my soul,

The day will come when you'll find I am gone beyond recall. I am gone beyond recall.
You will knock perchance at the door of a
With a little surprise that response is slow; A louder knock-and more surprise; Twas never so in the past!' Lying within, is Dead, my friend; And, believe me, of all things beyond recall, That Love is, when dead, most surely of all."

> She Waits. [M. S. Bridges in Judge.] Sweet, fair and slender, Blythe, true and tender; Oh, happy fates! With eyes soft beaming, In maiden dreaming For me she waits.

In grassy spaces Beside her feet. Oh. sky above her Her sweet doubt stilling With joyous trilling And song of cheer.

Through sun and shadow, By field and meadew,

Dear heart so true!

With breathless sighing

And footstep flying I come to you!

[Edmund Gosse.] There's a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree

That he cares no more if I laugh or pine.
Friend of mine,
Can the music fade out of love like thine?

[R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.] I give my time, my song, my life to toil, My brow of bronze, my arms of brawn, are hers, For her alone each willing muscle stirs; For her I guide the plough and delve the land, For her my brow is wet, my face is tanned. And under heat and burden bids me stand. So, in thy name the old line fence I scale,

Just where the whispering maple shades the place mount the panel with the softest rail, And let the light winds fan my patient face; And there, where birds and mo I sit, and sit, and sit, and sit.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

For suffering is but that for joying—they
Who sound woe's depths the heights of raptum

white

He should be clad in me white clinging stuff."

The Morning After.

Her smile was the smile of an angel.

Of the supper just after the play, And I sigh with regret, for I cannot forget. I shall dine on a fishball today.

I'd hate to be a woman; I do not like vile Nature's plan, I'm sorry I am human. I'd hate like time to be a beast,

So fair I do not think to set it down,
And say to this or that, "Her eyes are brown." To me they are the sun's rays, which combine All colors in but one—the light divine; And when I look into them, far beyond

If doubt there were, I lay the burden down, Content to hear you say "Her eyes are brown."

n timid love I wooed with zeal and fire Her family; sought favor with her sire

By gifts of books galore and walking-sticks And silver match-safes; till I did perspire

Anna Reading Gazzam in Philadelphia Times. 'Let me breathe a little, For if I smother quite,
You cannot call me when you want me, As you have done before. As you have called me back so often, So often in days of yore, Back to life when my life seemed gone,

Brown birds are crossing The sunlight, tossing
Their shadows fleet
On daisy faces

The Hired Man.

Life's Paradox,

YOU

SUBSCRIBE

TO A MAGAZINE,

News Journal?

It Will Pay You Handsomely

TO READ

The Following Offers:

Weekly Story,

New York, June 7.—I pick up the paper and find Mat Morgan to be dead. Every paper in New York differs as to his age; it s put down variously at 46 and 57. I well recellect when this man came to America, and I was invited by Charles Sumner to a dinner were Ben: Perley Poor, now dead, and Caleb Cushing, also dead. I beheld a young Englishman, not different from 10,000 of his variety who had come to America

To Lampoon the Ruler. Without a particle of interest in our country or any understanding of the same he had crossed the ocean merely for hire and to draw pictures of Gen. Grant, drunk, with a stump of a cigar between his teeth and a bull pup under each arm. The man who brought Morgan over was Frank Leslie, himself a former Englishman, who had crossed the ocean under an assumed name. Frank Leslie was rather an energetic person, slightly snobbish, and his motion of a newspaper was that it should be something like a great office of the government, with the editor consulted, and his staff in a manner his diplomatic family. For years after he started an illustrated paper of his own Leslie had been dunned day and night by creditors to whom he showed a mild and accommodating spirit, yet persistent, and in the course of time he became the owner of a number of publications. At the time I speak of Leslie was prosperous, came often to Washington, and gave dinners with his editorial staff, among whom were women, and he had now got Morgan to come out from England and Without a particle of interest in our coun- much more advanced than that.

Sketchy Vagabondage.

He never would have a hero, and, there fore, he never has become one. I met in New York the night before I heard of Morgan's death, Arthur Lumley, another Englishman, who has long lived in this country and been a quiet, uninjurious artist. His father was English and his mother was of mixed French and Irish descent. Years ago, when Lossing was getting out his large "Field Book of the American Revolution." Lumley was drawing engraved heads for that book, at Poughkeepsie. There he used to hang around the book store kept by a Scotchman, who had a son, James Grant Wilson, who has since edited the large dictonary of American Biography. In the same town was an auctioneer who became known to the periodical press as Josh Billings. In that vicinity was a mountain called Crow Nest, the scene of James Rodman Drake's noem called "The Culprit Fay," Mr. Lumley made a whole book of illustrations of a highly imaginative nature upon this poem. this country and been a quiet, uninjurious

Fay." Mr. Lumley made a whole book of illustrations of a highly imaginative nature upon this boom.

You saw the death of Mr. Bunce recently reported—Oliver Bunce. He was once a socialistic character, going among the Bohemians and trying to realize a literary existence in a practical city like New York. In the course of time he became a manu script reader and advising edi or of the Appletons, where his business was to look at an author after his manuscript had been published as if he were a criminal on the earth, and deserved to be scourged off for writing such a diabolical book that would not sell. During the process of acquiring the manuscript Bunce was as mild as the mock auctioneer, when you pass upon the sidewalk and see him dispensing spoons and very slightly electroplated sugar bowls, and when your manuscript had been out a month, and you walked toward the publishing house with a possible lurking desire for copyright in your eye, poor Bunce, himself an invalid, with no stomach, living on toastand tea, would meet you with eye and the address of your prince and king who meant to knock you down with his staff for having indicted such a volume upon such an inoffensive publishing house. Up stairs, around Bunce, were said to be whole stories of decayed authors who had commenced life writing poems. plays, travels to the Holy Land and what not, now occupying the hours of the day in digesting into 10 lines the extensive history of Samuel Smith, who made one of the numerous attempts to found

American Literature,

got himself in the poorhouse and was picked into small pieces by the newspapers. Not long ago I was in a country place adleader, was to have a concert. I always liked Gilmore for his fine, open Irrish temperament, love of his business and good feeling toward mankind. So I sent him word to come down and spend Sunday with me in the country. His answer in effect was "My dear boy: I led the band this aftermoon and we had not standing room for the people; tonight I go on to Chambersburg, where I shall be out of your reach on Sunday. It has been the same everywhere where we have been; we have drawn phenomenal houses." Mentioning this matter to Mr. Seckendorf at Washington, who is a politely educated German, he said: "Do you know that Gilmore is a much sreater musician than Edouard Strauss, who is now in this country." The range of Strauss is small and effemmate. Gilmore is not appreciated by the Americans. He has gotten together a really remarkable band, and their execution would give bleasure in the best educated music centres. If he is drawing large houses through the United States it is a good sign."

I see that Mullett, the ex-architect of the Treasury bepartment, has been non-suited by the Supreme Court, which decides the shall not have any special compensation for executing the largest building, but it is made of the most durable materials. Future times will hardly believe the man who did this work got no more salary all the time the was doing it than if he had been a book keeper or kept a cigar stand. Mullettin his youth was an enthusiastic and irreless worker. If his style of architecture was not un to everybody's standard it was not his fault that the government employed him. He was trought into notice by the method and the elicitous steamed. Butter the trough and the elicitous steamed. Butter the trout and the ascending steam will do the rest.

Just Married. got himself in the poorhouse and was picked into small pieces by the newspapers. best educated music centres. If he is drawing large houses through the United States it is a good sign."

I see that Mullett, the ex-architect of the Creasury Department, has been non-suited by the Supreme Court, which decides that he shall not have any special compensation for executing the largest building partians, and ongo it the most complete and effective, namely, the State War and Navy Department. It was an expensive building, but it is made of the most durable materials. Further, the shall not have any special building, but it is made of the most durable materials. Further, the shall not have any special building, but it is made of the most durable materials. Further, and it was an expensive building, but it is made of the most durable materials. Further, and the special state is the special state of the short durable materials. Further, and the special state is the special state of the special state is and state of the six sheep, and the hot a ches, where they steam in their open and the hot a ches, where they steam in their open and the states it is a good sign.

As the angle removes the wrappings and the bott states it is trip there was one most laughable scene of the skirn of the six others secured on the special states in the foliated and more the six of the Chesuncook region in the training and hone states it is trip there was one most laughable scene and the six of the States of the Chesuncook region in the training and hone states it is trip there was one most laughable scene and wherein a member of the narry in the deficate aroma section self-consciousness, and the six of the state rouses into self-consciousness, and in a tone of emotion in the scene of emotion in the state in the six of the same there of emotion in the scene of

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

How Sumner Welcomed Matt

Morgan.

Motes of Leslie, Lumley, Bunce, Gilmore

and Mullett.

Hard Work the Solvent of Society's

Perplexing Problem.

general interest in architecture which is now all but universal in this land. As the architects successively arose in the new cities they all attacked Mullett, as every one of them then would have been attacked had be been in Mullett's place. His overworked system made him somewhat insubordinate, and finally Mullett quarrelled with John Sherman or Secretary Bristow, or both, and found himself when past middle life without anything to do. He had some years of distress, but in the course of time he was employed by the very political class who had so long criticised him. It was the Democrate about Washington who began to employ him to put up very large stores, office buildings, etc. He was presumed to be doing well from the proceeds of this work, but I meth him some time ago and he told me he was poor, embarrassed and out of heart.

Let all men take note of these things, and overweigh the idea that there is no such thing as fame.

George Alfred Townsend.

thing as fame.
George Alfred Townsend.

THESE WERE INDEED OLD.

An Actress Much Over 100, and One Man of 169 Years. Nowadays, there are plenty of octogenarians, numerous nonagenarians and occasional centenarians; but few survive their 100th birthday by more than a year or two. be necessary to coin a word by which to call him. Yet there are many apparently authentic instances of persons living to an age



death, which occurred on Nov. 15, of the same year, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey, among men who had lived shorter but more eventful lives.

There is a curious story told of one Henry Jenkins of Eolton, Eng., who was once produced as a witness at the assizes there to prove a right of way over a man's ground. He swore to nearly 150 years'

memory, for at that time he said he well remembered a way over that ground. And being cautioned by the judge to beware what he swore, because there were two men in court, each above 80 years of age, who remembered no such way, he replied: "Those men are boys to me." Upon which the judge asked those men how old they took. Jenkins to be, They said they did not know, but that he was a very old man when they were hove. Dr. Tangred Robinson adds. they were boys. Dr. Tancred Robinson adds concerning him that he could remember Henry VIII. and the fight at Flodden Field, at which time he was 12 years old. He at which time he was 12 years old. He died Dec. 8, 1670, at Ellerton-upon-Swale. aged 169 years.

SALLY.

[George Horton.] Across the street there dwells, I weet. The flower of all the city, And oh, could I but tell her charms, The world would sing my ditty!

And graces rare Of temper with it tally,
And fate has granted her to bear
The dear old name of Sally! Hurk behind my window blind

I swear to you. No flower yet grew In garden or in valley, And paradise itself has few

So lovely as my Sally O, never think her cheeks of pink Nor yet her eyes entice me, For were these all some other maids Have charms that might suffice me.
But in her mien
Where'er she's seen,

If she's in silk or challie,
There shine the maiden and the queen,
The worth and grace of Sally! She tries no arts to capture hearts,

Than all of the tricks of fashion. And Cupid's self.

BEARS ARE RIPE.

Now Is the Time to Hunt Bruin in Maine.

bear, you should take matters easily and work systematically, for thereby is the greater progress made. The thoroughgoing woodsman and hunter rarely hurries, but nevertheless you will always find him with his business well in hand and ready for any emergency.

The camp complete, the writer paddled away in the capoe on an exploring expedition having with him a 44 Winchester carbine, Russian model, the others taking opposite directions along the shore, each one similarly equipped. At hight each reported bear signs, and the next day the traps were set. This work, by the way, must be artistic from a woodman's point of view, else the and being undisturbed, temptation finally wins the day, and, no doubt with some misgivings in his breast, the bear walks into the trap. A perfect setting of a trap is

and being undisturbed, temptation finally wins the day, and, no doult with some misgivings in his breast the bear walks into the trap. A perfect setting of a trap is accomplished in this wise:

Selecting a large tree, after having cut a number of stout sablings which are converted into stocks about eight feet long, a cone-like house is built upon one side, the trusk of the tree forming the back side. Driven into the ground in circular shape, the tops of the sticks are brought together and securely bound. In front, however, there is left an opening large enough for the bear to enter, and at the base of the tree inside is placed the bait. At the entrance, and so arranged under the duff, which is the woodsman's term for the spongelike surface of virgin soil, is set a strong steel trap, so strong as to require the strength of a stout man to set it. Coiled beside this there is some six or eight feet of stout chain and on the end there is a six or eight prong graphel, all being fast to the trap. We made four of these houses the second day and the one following this was devoted to the catching of trout—fine two and three-pounders—and the hunting of porcupines, all of which were wanted for future bear trabs, those already set being supplied with two very old and very salt codish—adelicacy in bruin's estimation.

Next morning on making the rounds we found three traps intact, but the fourth was gone; where, it was very easy to decide for a bear had dragged it away, and the trail was as plain as a beaten path. In this case captive had been caught well and by one fore foot, and had succeeded in getting some 40 rods from the den. At almost every step there could been seen marks of the graphel which had caught under tamarac. Spruce and hemlock roets, into logs and stumps, and occ sionally over some sharp projection of a bowlder and everywhere about these places the duff and dead leaves and twigs had been freely ploughed up by the terrible claws, and now and then it could te seen that Bruin in his rage had reared himself upon

the hunter what would be his fate could Bruin get at him.

Coming in sight of our catch, we found him foaming at the mouth this being due to his violent exertions and need of water, and not to rage. That was fully expressed, however; for the upper lio lay back to his mostrils, showing a very white and very short set of teeth, the whole view making one feel most uncomfortable. He sprang at us on sight, but when the chain tightened, drawing the sharp steel teeth of the trap still deeper into the flesh, he gave a most peculiar cry of rage, turned, and bit the change savagely. A Winchester ball plouxhed through him back of the fore shoulder, then one penetrated the ear, and, a moment later, one of the big sheep, veal, and honey this yes of the Chesuncook region was no more.

Bruin in Maine.

Bruin

white seed of the state of the state. Where makes are considered and accommodating serif, yet certainest, and accommodating serif, yet certainest, and accommodating serif, yet certainest, and the state of a muster of enablestations. At summer of a state of a muster of enablestations. At summer of the state of the st

PURE AIR FROM ABOVE.

A Project to Draw a Supply Through a Pipe 1200 Feet High.

[Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.]
Prometheus, according to the story of Greek mythology, stole fire from heaven and brought it down to earth. It appears that the performance of a somewhat analagous service is gravely contemplated by fire, but pure air, being the useful commodlofty height to the lower level for the bene than 1200 feet-considerably higher than

than 1200 feet—considerably higher than its prototype in Paris.

At this atmospheric point, air, even in London, is declared to be absolutely pure; and it is proposed that, by means of machinery specially devised for the purpose, a supply of fresh air shall be drawn to the street level, and theree distributed to houses and public buildings, as water and the protocolumns are area. nouses and public buildings, as water and gas now are. The project, to the non-scientific mind at least, may look rather shadowy, albeit the object aimed at is so excellent and worthy that it is to be hoped that it may not be destined to remain in

[Chicago Tribune.]
One of the judges of the Superior Court

of Cook county tells this:
"It is astonishing how much ignorance there is among men about the rules of a court room. When I see so much of it I can understand why there is so much litigation. Not long ago a case was tried in this room before a jury. After the jury retired I was making some minutes on my book. The lawyers had stepped out and only a few The lawyers had stepped out and only a few persons remained. A man came to the bench and asked me if I thought the jury would be outlong. I did not look up at him supposing that he was a reporter or an attache of the court. I replied that I didn't know. What do you think they will do? he asked and then I did look up. There stood the plaintiff in the case. Before I could reprimand him he said:

"Judge if you will permit me to go into the room where the ury is I can tell them something which wasn't brought out in evidence, and it may change their opinion and hasten a verdict."

"I saw that the man was perfectly honest, and was not aware of asking anything out of the way. I explained to him why I could not grant his request, and he seemed to be satisfied. He said it was the first lawsuit he ever had, and he didn't think his lawyer had done as much as he might have done."

Went to Ruin.

[Detroit Free Press.] Among the personal effects of a young man arrested for drunkenness the other plain to the officers that the paper was n.

plain to the officers that the paper was n. g., and when the young man sobered up he was accused of being in the confidence racket.

"Oh, come now," he replied. "I am straight and all right. That was a little racket on my own account."

"How?"

"Why, I'm going with a girl that loves me for myself alone, but her mother looks at the cash side of the question."

"And you filled out this check to deceive her?" That's what I did. I showed her that I

That's what I did. I showed her that I had \$3000 in bank but what did she do but post right down there and find out that I didn't have a hairpin on deposit."

"And what?"

"Why, that's hew I came to get drunk. She showed me the door and I found the gate myself. I knew from the way she whistled for the dog that the syndicate was busted and so I went to ruin at the nearest saloon."

\$40,000 for a Dinner (St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)
"I once paid \$40,000 for a dinner for 40 people," said Gen. William T. Clarke, now of Denver, formerly adjutant-general of the 17th Army Corps, commanded by Gen.
James McPherson. The remark was made
to a listening group at the Southern Hotel,
last night. Gen. Clarke went on to explain
about the high-priced meal. It was in Jackson, Miss., is the summer of 1863. The Federal army had just taken possession of the

ground, the log part of a blow-down is generally from five to 10 feet from the earth. In one season the creeping vines of earth will work through the branches, and in the case of this big white birch blow-down had formed a hammock-like netting all through. In this the bear, which had been caught only a short time previously and which was fresh and strong, had forced his way, and the hunter, standing at the roots, could hear the clanking of the chain and the snorts of anger.

Desirous of gratifying his curiosity, he mounted the trunk of the tree, working upward into the branches, that he might trew the struggles of his game. Butthe bark was slippery, and, making a misstep, he fell, throwing his rifie down as did so and clutching a big limb. Under his weight this bent down through the other limbs, until he found it is not a real estate at very fair figures.

discretely and the country.

Augusta, Me. June 4.—For president: Cleveland, 186; Hill, 28; Carlisle, 5; Whitney, 12; Second choice: Cleveland, 34; Hill, 69; Campdell, 9; Carlisle, 16; Whitney, 12; Campdell, 9; Carlisle, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 2.

To vice-President: Gov. Campbell of Ohio, 73; Carlin, 38; Putnam, 37; C. M. Black, 12; Gray of Indiana, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 15; Senator Regan, 2; Freek, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Whitney, 16; Mills, 11; Faimer, 11; Senator Hears, 16; Mills, 16; Mill

elevate him.
_ iie was vice-president of the national Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1876. In politics Mr. Hill was originally an old ine Whig, but in 1856 he became a Demo-

Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1876. In politics Mr. Hill was originally an old line Whig, but in 1856 he became a Democrat, and has maintained a strong allegiance to that party since. For 10 or 12 years he was a member of the Democratic State-committee, a position that his son, F. W. Hill, Jr., now holds.

In Maine Mr. Hill is chiefly noted for his connection with railroads, in which he became interested soon after the war. He has been president of the Somerset railway, and for years a director of the Northern Aroostook. He is one of the very largest owners of Maine Central stock, having a large fertune invested in it, and for 20 years has been one of its leading directors. Every new railroad enterprise, in the State which has his name connected with it succeeds, and he is always ready to assist, believing that it is the true way to develop the resources of Maine.

Mr. Hill is a large giver to the support of the churches, while belonging to no particular denomination and is a firm believer in the public schools. Although one of the exceedingly wealthy men in Maine his generosity and kind-hearted qualities have won him the sobriquet in this section of two of the strongest banks in Bangor, and passes considerable time here.

Mr. Hill has a son and a daughter living, the former being his father's confidential clerk. The latter is the wife-of ex-Gov. Harris M. Plaisted, and one of the most brilliant and charming society women in Maine, inheriting beauty and desirable social qualities from her distinguished father.

The convention voted 273 to 176 against

The convention voted 273 to 176 against a resolution in favor of a local option liquor

[Florida Times-Union.]
The peculiar performances of a passenger n the Iroquois were the case of considerble excitement on the trip from New

great propriety until the steamer reached

great propriety until the steamer reached Charleston, when he twice attempted to jump overboard as the steamer lay at the dock. He was prevented by the watchfulness of F. M. Ironmonger, and afterward climbed the mast to the highest point and touched the gold ball at the masthead. He descended hand over hand down the jib stay leading to the bow.

Just after crossing the bar, yesterday morning, as the steamer was passing Mayport at the rate of 13 miles an hour, he tied the lead line around his waist and jumped over the side for a swim. He was jerked through the water at a frightful speed, and the ship had to be stopped, and the erratic gentleman hauled aboard. He said he merely wished to take an ocean dip, and thought that he could keep up with the ship. He acted in a strange manner during the

whole voyage, and whether he wished a little excitement or was slightly off his mental balance is a question to be solved.

Gen. Sherman's War Mule.

In a conversation Judge Joseph Cox, who s a very pleasant talker and full of anec-otes and information, said: "I was talking dotes and information, said: "I was talking to Gen. W. T. Sherman several years ago about riding horses and mules and he said: 'Cox, a mule is the easiest animal to ride in the world. I always preferred to ride one during the war. In a picture representing the burning of Atlanta the artist has me seated on a fiery steed, with fury in his eye, etc., while the houses are burning and the soldiers are tearing up the railroad from Well, I was there, but I was not on a prancing horse, but I was straddle of a plain, common, every-day mule." But of course it would rum a historical picture to put a great general on a mule instead of a fiery charger.

Not That Kind of a Critter. [Jeweller's Weekly.] Silversmith (to an old lady ordering a tea service)-Would you like to have it with repousse decoration?
Old Lady—No, I reckennet. If the's get to be any critters on it. I don't want cats. I'd rather have canary birds and butterflies.

Tempus Fugitting. [New York Journal.] Timid Wooer-Gladys, I've been calling on you for a long time. Gladys (yawning)—Yes, longer than you imagine. Why, that clock is at least half an hour slow.



A Jewish synagogue to be erected in Bal-timore will, it is said, be the only specimen of pure Byzantine architecture in the United States,

The young couple of Carlisle, Penn., who did their courting on a tricycle are now taking an extended wedding tour on the same machine.

Nebraska City, Neb., claims to have beaten the record on divorces. A petition was filed there at 2 p. m.; the defendant's answer at 2.15; the case was placed in the referee's hands at 2.30; he reported at 3.20, and the decree of the court was rendered at 3.40.

In Chicago carpets are being sewed by electric power.

A little boy described a typewriter as a thing what you grind letters on.

An odd invention, manufactured at the suggestion of a New York lady, is an enamelled orange which opens and discloses a watch in one half and a purse in the other.

A romantic young woman named Barbara, who gets her mail at Oketo, Kan, warrbara, and the distance between the rows of gold lace on his sleeves must be .27559 of an inch.

"The beautiful women of the world" are requested, in a circular, to send their photographer paid Stanley £1000 to sit for a portrait.

Fort Myers, Fla., has a pineapple weighings is and a half pounds, and another Florida man plucked a lettuce head which weighed two and one-quarter pounds and measured les inches across.

The Kaiser's latest reform is in naval uniforms. The new book of regulations says that an admiral may, when at sea, wear an oilskin sou'wester and coat; but his shirt front must be perfectly plain, and devoid of tucks or frills; and the distance between the rows of gold lace on his sleeves must be .27559 of an inch.

"The beautiful women of the world" are requested, in a circular, to send their photographer paid Stanley £1000 to sit for a portrait.

needle for seven years. She says she would sooner lose a dress than the needle.

The original mask of Napoleon, taken after his death at St. Helena, is for sale for Italy has turned out a torpedo ram that an fire a 448-pound projectile through 26 nches of solid iron.

taste for collecting soarf puns, and when he died left a large assortment of them. Some of these he gave to friends, while others, according to his will, are to be disposed of, and the proceeds given to charity.

The kentucky Legislature of 1815 was noted for its misspelling. It named Green county after Gen. Greene, Muhlenburg county after Gen. Muhlenburg, Menifect County after Gen. Muhlenberg, Menifect County after Joseph H. Daveiss, and the orthography distigures the map to this day.

A real horned man has been discovered by Capt. Albernog on the Gran Chaco in the Argupting Espanding. Boddet the affinition is several years ago.

The agricultural college professors have figured it out that two little sparrows in 10 years will produce a progeny of 275.716, 983,698 birds. Well, that isn't more than a bird or two out of the way at most.

J. Leverett'Story of Essex has a Baldwin apple tree which presents a curious freak of nature. One-half of the tree is in full bloom, the lime being drawn exactly through the centre of the tree, and the other half showing not a blossom.

A Paw Paw man worth \$100 000 carried water for a circus and thus got inside the tent free.

A real horned man has been discovered by Capt. Albernog on the Gran Chaco in the Argentine Republic. He is tall, with a full beard, and two very perfect horns, like those of a stag, on his forehead.

Not an Island has been heaved up or sunk from sight in the Baotife ocean for the last 34 years, and geologists say that nature is resting for a mighty effort in the future. An English geologist predicts that within 50 years a convulsion of nature will sink the whole of New Zealand 50 feet below the surface of the sea.

An old woman entered one of the Albany

the whole of New Zealand 50 feet below the surface of the sea.

An old woman entered one of the Albany savines bahks and when her turn in the line came extracted a number of gold and silver coins from her reticule, and said she wanted to deposit them. She was about to sign her name in the book when she remarked: "I want you to keep this money so that I may get the identical pieces whenever I care to. I have the date of each coin here," and she displayed a paper on which were dist of dates. The clerk at first thought she was joking, but was soon convinced that she was in dead earnest. He politely told her that it would be impossible to do as she requested. "Well, all right," responded the woman, "if I can't get the same coins back again I won't deposit them." Then she went out.

Electricity can now be used to operate a machine for mining coal. This fact has recently been demonstrated at Pittsburg. Penn, and a revolution in coal mining is likely to ensue.

The thickest octavo volume in the world known is the latest edition of Whitaker's "Reference Catalogue of English Litera."

ture." This book weighs 12 pounds and is 11 inches in thickness.

There is a great demand for metal furniture in Australia, not only for household use, but in places of business, school houses, etc. The demand is caused by the ravages of the white ant, which cats all kinds of wood.

of the white ant, which cats all kinds of wood.

The total number of marriages upon Friday in England is only 2 per cent. of the whole number, showing the extent of superstition in regard to the day.

There is a Baptist church at Mendon, Mich., but no society, and a Baptist preacher occupied the pulpit last Sunday for the first time in more than 20 years.

Of the original edition of the sonnets of Shakespeare, published by George Daniel of London in 1609, there are but two perfect copies known. One of these is in the British Museum, for the other \$5000 was paid but a short time ago. As the book is very small, only 7x4 inches, and weighing less than 10 ounces, it was figured that at that rate each ounce of the precious volume brought \$500, or many times its own weight in gold.

A story comes from China that the people of Soochow are greatly alarmed by atmospheric phenomena. They appear first over

A story comes from China that the people of Socchow are greatly alarmed by atmospheric phenomena. They appear first over rivers and creeks in the form of a black cloud which bears some resemblance to a boat, which gradually becomes a ball of fire, and after a time bursts into a myriad of starry flashes of light that float about in the air for a while, to the great terror of the hebolders. the beholders.
The train which recently carried the Em-

The train which recently carried the Emperor of Japan to Nagoya made, it is said, the best record ever reported over a Japaness road. It traversed the distance of 226 miles between Tokyo and Nagoya in nine and a half hours, including stoppages.

Black ice cream is a new fad. It is colored by the addition of charcoal and the juice of Turkish prunes.

Ancient fains had long handles, so that ladies used their fans for walking sticks, and it was by no means unusual for testy dames to chastise unruly children by beating them with their fan sticks.

One of the oddest silver brooches shown re embles, a dilapidated shoe, turned down

One of the oddest silver brooches shown re embles a dilapidated shoe, turned down on one side, with broken lazes. A dozen small diamonds glittering from the sole take the places usually occupied by nails.

A wife was sold for a shilling recently by a German workmen in Silesia, though the loving husband stipulated that she was to return to him in two years. A year after the bargain was struck the workman summoned the purchaser to pay 15 shillings for the set of false teeth which his wife was wearing, and which he had forgotten to include in the contract. Her purchaser objected and called in the police, who formally sanctioned the original bargain and disallowed the first husband's claim.

Foolscap is a corruption of the Italian folio-capo, a folio-sized sheet. The error must have been very ancient, as the watermark of this sort of paper from the thirteeth to the seventeenth century was a fool's head with can and hell.

fee th to the seventeenth century was a fool's head with cap and bells.

On a little boathouse on the North river this sign is displayed: "Sandworms and all summer drinks for sale." And near the foot of Wall st., New York, a sign with the following legend may be seen; "Umbrella Hospital."

A monster crab was landed in a net from a wharf in San Diego last Thursday by L. C. Bragg. The body measured 16 inches across, while the spread of the nippers was 36 inches. This giant crustacean was ornamented with barnacles of 5 years' growth.

Alf Nicholson, a 7-year-old colored boy, living at Millview, seven miles from Pensacola, Fla., has eyes as red as a beet, and is said to be an infallible weather prophet.

M. Ferrari, son of the Duchess of Galliera, M. Ferrari, son of the Duchess of Galliera is an enthusiastic postage stamp collector, and his private collection is roughly valued at £40,000. And yet he has been known to negotiate the loan of a stamp from his mother, the duchess, when he wanted to post a letter.

A prohibition crank in Genesee county, N. Y., recently sent a water pitcher to President Harrison, with the suggestion that it take the place of wine decanters on the White House table. The Fresident acknowledged the gift, but didn't say yes. An ear of com on exhibition at San Luis Obisno, Cal., is described as being in the exact form of a human hand; the wrist, palm, thumb and fingers, being all perfect. It is thumb and fingers being all perfect. It is covered with small grains to near the tips of the fingers, which are bare prongs of cobs, giving the hand the appearance of being clad in a mit.

A firm in Munich has made a carriage which is propelled by a gas generated from benzine or analogous material. The motor, which is not visible from the outside,

is placed in the rear of a three-wheeled carriage over the main axle, and the benzine used is carried in a closed copper receptacle secured under the seat, from which it passes drop by drop to the generator. The speed is regulated by a lever. Ten miles an hour can be made.

An Australian musician has invented a trombome that is played by steam. Its "God Save the Queen" can be heard a distance of four miles, He had hard luck with it, however, for the neonle of his own town drove him out as a nuisance.

Mrs. John G. Curtis of New York has a

him out as a nuisance.

Mrs. John G. Curtis of New York has a most remarkable or chestra made up of men, women and children from poor families. She has had them instructed by a good teacher, and now they play for public charity entertainments.

A photographer paid Stanley £1000 to sit for a portrait.

"The beautiful women of the world" are requested, in a circular, to send their photographs to the Baroness Klara von der Deckler at Tiflis. These will be examined by a committee of artists, and those selected will be be put in an album, with the title, "Types of Female Beauty of the Last Years of the 19th Century," Then the album will be sent to the Moscow Museum.

William Waldorf Astor has employed.

William Waldorf Astor has employed.

Sarah Bernhardt expects to make enough money out of her autobiography, soon to be published, to build a little rock playhouse with a crypt under the stage for her re-

An Ottawa, Ill., man has been fined \$125 An Ottawa, III., man has been fined \$125 for kissing another man's wife.

A census of wolves has been taken in Russia. They amount to 170,000, according to the enumerators.

from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where 20,000,000 are annually produced.

It is estimated that the amount of gold in the world is about 613 cubic yards, and it would fit in a room 24 feet each way if in a solid cube.

The British Museum received one day last week a Chinese bank note issued from the imperial mint 300 years before the first use of paper money in England.

It is said that hop vines in Puyallup, Wash, recently grew 13 inches in 14 hours.

The late James H. Woods of New York city, a wealthy bachelor, 80 years old, had a taste for collecting scarf pins, and when he died left a large assortment of them. Some of these he gave to friends, while others, according to his will, are to be disposed of, and the proceeds given to charity.

The Kentucky Legislature of 1815 was

A new method of ventilating railway car-

A new method of ventilating railway carriages and preventing dust from entering with the air has lately appeared in France. The more quickly the train moves the more rapidly the apparatus works. The air is made to traverse a receptacle containing water, which tools it and relieves it of dust after which it goes through another filtering before entering the carriage.

Pattigets 1800 a night. In 1821 the entire fees paid to vocalists for a season at the London Opera House, from March 10 to Aug. 18, were 2863c, while £10,000 went for the ballet. The only singer who got more than a thousand pounds for a season was Camporese. Two ballet dancers received £1785 and £1537 respectively.

In 1814, when the Thames was frozen, a In 1814, when the Thames was frozen, a printing establishment was set up and many collectors reloice over a little volume entitled "Frostiana: or, a History of the River Thames in a Frozen State. London: Printed on the ice in the River Thames, 1814."

BOSTON WAKING UP JAMAICA. How a Yankee Captain Has Boomed

Jamaicans seemed to have quite settled

n their minds that theirs was a country of

sugar, and of sugar alone, says a corresugar, and of sugar hone, says a correspondent in the Sun, and that when sugar failed them there was nothing to be done but to abandon the country. In the past few years their eyes have been opened. The awakening was probably due to the enterprise of a Yankee sea captain. Capt. of a small American schooner trading becarried down to those islands a mixed cargo of American products, and usually returned of American products, and usually returned with a cargo of logwood. On one of these trips, about the year 1880, Capt. Baker called in at the little town of Port Antonio, on the north side of Jamaica, and succeeded in procuring a number of very fine bunches of bananas. These bananas were so much superior in size and flavor to any he had ever before procured, and met with such a good sale, that the enterprising skipper emcouraged the natives to cultivate the fruit for export. Up to this time no bananas were cultivated on the island e cept for local consumption. Alter a time he organized a company in Boston, surchased large tracts of what had hitherto been considered worthless land near Port Antonio, and began the systematic cultivation of bananas. The worthless faid hear rott Antonio, and began the systematic cultivation of bananas. The results have been marvellous. From a dull, lifeless village of about 200 inhabitants, Port Antonio has grown to be a smart town of over 1500 persons, and is one of the largest fruit-exporting ports in the West

largest fruit-exporting ports in the West Indies.

From Port Antonio this industry extended rapidly, until now it is the most important in the island, and the annual value of fruit exported, all going to the United States, e cee sthat of any other product. Unlike the cultivation of sugar, this industry, outside of the company mentioned and several large banana walks owned by Americans, is largely in the hands of the black peasantry and small landholders. Thus, the mass of the people are benefited, and are correspondingly grateful to the promoters of the trade. The steamers ongaged in the carrying of the fruit are owned by American firms, and several of them sail under the American flag. An Aid to Laziness.

[New York Times.]
Electricity has stepped in mercifully to

dark winter mornings. An arrangement made between the room clock and the stove. The clock indicator is set over night to any required hour, and when the hour hand reaches that time in the morning an electric connection is established with the stove, which is then lighted by an electric disturbed. As the temperature in the room rises, however, it is indicated by a small thermostat, and when it has reached a point One Was Enough.

[Yonkers Statesman.] Constance-I care not for your poverty, George. Let us wed at once. We can live n one meal a day if necessary. George-Can you cook, love? Yes, George. I attended cooking school for two mont's."
"Then we will wed. I think one meal a day will answer."

[Munsey's Weekly.]
"You made an awfully pretty picture in he moonlight last night with Jack. I saw you from my window."
"Heavens! did they all see me?" "I think they did from the remarks at breakfast But I did all I could to shield

> At the Baths. [Gil Blas.]

Visitor (to attendant)-Jacques, how is it that I cannot find my trousers? Jacques (after a long and useless search)-Is Monsieur quite sure he brought them with

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THE WEEKLY CLOBE.

BOSTON, MASS.

Electricity has stepped in interest on Ohio Farmer.

Ohio Farmer.

Ohio Farmer.

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you, my dear. I acknowledged that it was I."
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publications. Address

HOWARD'S LETTER.

Washington.

He Sees Harrison, Blaine, Evarts, Reed, Merten and Shannen.

Washington. June 7.—Here I am in John Chamberlin's jolly home, sleeping as matter of fact when I sleep, in the family room, and in the couch occupied by one of the best known men in Christendom and his wife, one of the Landsomest and most superbly built illustrations of the possibilities of a Creater, in other days the dashing. Figure observant, life-enjoying Emily Chamberlin. Hung on the walls are pictures so suggestive. Hung on the walls are pictures so sugges- | way.

There is the elder Charles R. Thorne.

There is the elder Charles R. Thorne.

personality, his face is handsome, and his opment gave inspiration to the noblest good old man, fine actor; his wife, Miss eye intelligent. With his well-shaped efforts in art the world has ever had, and head, topping a long, lean body, he moves although types of beauty have differed with heart, body and brains alike texts for pop-ularity and deserved favor: Charles R. "like the ways of Providence, those of form has been allowed to develop according neart, body and brains alike texts for popularity and deserved favor: Charles R. Thorne, Jr., the Union Square Theatre's virile leading man, whose performances in "The Bankgr's Daughter," the "Celebrated Case." "The Danicheffs." "The Two Orphans," magnificent and superb, lead irresistibly to that terrible night when, mentally broken, physically exhausted, morally gone, he attempted the role of the Corsican Brothers in Booth's Theatre, at the corner of 6th av. and 23d st. New York.

There are other pictures here of younger members of the family, noae of whom are especially known to the public, save Edwin Thorne, who, in many respects is as mentally bright and as histronically strong as either his father or his brother.

I have been here two days.

I flave Seen the President and his secretary, have met Mr. Blaine and Vice-President Morton, have looked with interest at Sherman, the iceberg, at Evarts, the polar star, and Reed, the champion silencer. I have wandered up and down sleeper. I have wandered up and down sleeper and shouts, no rockets illuminate the heavens when he abpears, and the appears, and the deavens when he appears, and the deavens when he appears, and the heavens when he appears, and the appears and shouts, no rockets illuminate the heavens when he appears, and the appears, and the appears, and the appears, and the stream had shout the heavens when he appears, and the pears tand the appears, and the pears the appears, and ularity and deserved favor; Charles R.

the polar star, and Reed, the champion silencer. I have wandered up and down newspaper row, have encountered the great and the good, the little and the bad. I have

I think the ordinary reader in New England would be surprised to know how thoroughly informed as to incidents, consequential or unimportant, are the people of made much of in Republican circles here. the capital of the land; yet, when you reflect that eight-tenths of the people here are care the turn of their hand, any more than here because they are of the same politics I. where a citizen was born, or in what as the president of the nation, and that method he worships his God, the Father of their being here means to them bread and us all, but neither the readers of The butter, birds and bottles and an occasional GLOBE nor I need be blind to existing facts, over the presidential situation, which to paign. The Republicans depend upon the you and to me seems so very far away as extreme northwest and the really to be of no special consequence what-

I have been very much interested while here at having my attention drawn, as though that attention would never have sought those special points without special direction, to sundry matters with which it is fair to say all intelligent men are familiar. and yet upon discussion I find that very many extremely intelligent men are by no manner of means familiar with them.

The Pivotal State. New York has four great centres of Demo-cratic strength. New York is what may well be termed an uncertain State, so un-pertain that a vote of 5000 more or less ab-be, is it not a singular circumstance that anxious about continuing themselves in can leaders to make use of

of state for reasons, and he was made senator because of a very common sense and defensible compromise. Now and then some fellow has facetiously

talked of Evarts as a presidential candidate in 1900, and odd, but seriously speaking, great, brilliant, profound, well equipped as Mr. Evarts is, I imagine that no serious effort to make him a presidential candidate has ever been entertained by a sane man, much less by himself John Sherman has been a strong man be-

fore conventions for years.

Too strong, indeed, to amount to much in the final analysis. As in his brother's composition, there is an element of oddity, of eccentricity, which, in men less strong, as president, as public speaker, and now would be termed craziness. Rich, very again as candidate. rich, and yet never out of public office; a representative, lo. these many years, of to Mr. Dana, with Molaughlin's approval, fighter of corporations; desirous of the aid and comfort of his stronger associates, and vet noted for his disregard of the courtesies of the Senate and his thickness of hide

when it comes to a recognition of personal appeal atterly indescribable. I can find you men from Ohio who will tell you Sherman is the coming man, but Garfield told me that, yet is the chosen governor. He is an avowed Garfield came, and Sherman remained very candidate for

much behind. Just at present Sherman is

in a pretty bad mess. Did you ever see him? He is over six feet high and well propor tioned, with a strong face and a stronger

senators of the same political faith, chief among whom is Mr. Allison, a formidable rival, by the way, in every line, and brother The Globe Scribe Enjoys senators of the Democratic faith, he is put absolutely so far into the background that his extremest vell sounds like a wail, and Only Think of Helen in a his most vigorous and most emphatic pro-tests are lost in the great distance over which they travel. So I think Sherman a

In the Presidential Pit.

Platt favors Harrison.

Had any one made that assertion three months ago, he would have been regarded as crazy or a liar. I never understood the inside of it, because there were obvious per-Cleveland and Hill in the Field for the Presidency.

Inside of it, because there were obvious personal reasons, grounds, for a very pronounced disinclination on the part of Mr. Platt to help Mr. Harrison toward his goal of a second term. What has occurred to

He is quiet in manner, unobtrusive in

this for me, I will do that for you." But Sherman, who is strong only in his obstinacy. who is firm only in his determination to carry his point, whose backing leaves looked with gratification at the sturdy bear-ing of Nathaniei P. Banks, and have ad-traitor and accepted a nomination for himmired, as far as my nature will permit, the self, after he had argued in favor of his frigidity of that peculiar quality known as friend, Sherman, I say, when before a consenatorial courtesy.

friend, Sherman, I say, when before a convention in the future, will prove, as he has What of it?

I regret to say plaguey little, and yet you strength is that of water, and that there is will be surprised to know that from the White House through all the avenues, down alleged supporters than there is upon the to the very lowest gin-mill in the city, the quicksands that shift with every incoming chief point of discussion is the presidential wave, and open, gulf life, beneath the feet of those who trust him. New York is a queer State.

It is a pivotal State, and so regarded, and ndulgence, there is, after all, a reason for particularly when they are to be used as their being interested, not to say excited, political arguments in an approaching cam-

Agricu'tural Districts of the State for their strength. The Democrats depend upon Brooklyn, New York, Buffalo and Troy for their strength.

It is a most suggestive fact that the boss of Brooklyn, Hugh McLoughlin, is an Irishborn Catholic, and the boss of New York, Dick Croker, is an Irish-born Protestant converted to Catholicism. The boss of Troy, Edward Murphy, is an Irish-born Catholic, and the boss of Buffalo, Mr. Sheehan is an Irish-born Catholic. Now, not caring the turn of one's hand

solutely upsets calculations, destroys pre- these four great leaders in these four great cedents, establishes verdicts and deterdistricts should be of a common birth and tury calling costume!

One laughs at the thought, it seems almost mines presidencies. Naturally enough the Republicans, who are in power, are more known or not, it is the intent of Republi-

possibly the day before. Chapin gave a dinner in honor of Gov. Hill, who was present to make bodies as well as dress in the city to review the troops. His guests included many men of account, and many of no account, and the only significancies were first, Hill; second. Hughey McLaughlin; third, Charles A. Dana.
Mr. Dana's paper, the Sun, has been con-

spicuous for its Cleveland hostilities. Without entering at all into a discussion of the perfectly well-known and thoroughly appreciated causes of Mr. Dana's action, it is simply necessary to call attention to the fact that from first to last, from start to finish, from Alpha to Omega, Dana has vigorously, intelligently, industriously, per sistently assaulted Cleveland as candidate,

The invitation extended by Mayor Chapin to a gathering ostensibly and ostentatiously so in honor of Goy. Hill, meant much in Brooklyn, means more here.

Hill in many respects is a remarkable

man. He is a bachelor, and has ample time-to give to his own affairs. He is well fixed life, and needs no one's favor finance He has good advisers, and does what he believes to be the best in the best interest of

The Democratic Nomination. He comes to a chief centre. He is invited

y a man of no special consequence in himseif, but of importance, first, because he was chosen by Grover Cleveland as a recipient of favor; second, aided and abetted by the fact that he is many times a million has not been for many years, added to the fact that he was secretary of the treasury, and to the further fact that he has more second that the first of various names, of decrees and efforts, opens up to his opponents and critics a broad highway, which, when brought to the test, leads direct to his utter discomfiture.

He will stand and argue for hours for a measure which he favors, but he will stand and argue for months segants a measure whose success would mean and argue for months segants a measure whose success would mean and argue for months segants a measure whose success would mean and the words and argue for months segants a measure whose success would mean and the many mistakes, because he has pet hostilities.

He will stand and argue for hours for a measure which he favors, but he will stand and margue for months segants a measure whose success would mean either to him or people whom he represents a disaster. His beauty is adde him many enemies. Until within a very few days he has reigned, show a compacted alliance between bott now, odd as it may seem, by a compacted alliance between brother.

He was not many mistakes, because he has pet hostilities.

He will stand and argue for hours for a measure which he favors, but he will stand and margue for months segants a measure whose success would mean an of many mistakes, because he will see a decrease of the city of the seif, but of importance, first, because he was chosen by Grover Cleveland as a recipient of favor; second, aided and abetted by the Cleveland interest he was nominated and elected chief magistrate of the city of Brooklyn; third, now that hostilities are

VENUS IN CORSETS!

Tailor-Made Gown!

Jonness Miller's Picturesque and Hygienic Dresses.

Hints on Physical Culture-How to Stand, Walk and Dress.

Every student knows how physical devel



Imagine Venus in corsets, a bustle on her back, high heels on her shoes and furbelows on her drapery! Think of Helen in a tailor-made gown. Picture Sappho in a 19th cen-

irreverent, and why? Because these women embody to the thought the highest types of

fa common faith? Now, whether it be feeded and the feeders in power are in power, are to put themselves into place and poper than the Democrats, who are not of power, are to put themselves into place and poper than the Lemocrats, who are not of power, are to put themselves into place and poper than the common than th



Women had been arrayed in armor s

this article, but when she learns how simple is the art by which superfluous flesh can be gotten rid of, she discovers that the artistic possibilities of dress are within her reach possibilities of dress are within her reach also.

Nine women out of 10 stand incorrectly; they throw their weight upon the heel of the foot, rather than upon the ball, in walking and standing, with the result of making slender ones awkward and fieshy ones clumsy. The first thing for all women to learn who would be graceful is to keep always an active chest. If one wishes to relax, it must be from a lower point. In walking the chest should lead the body, that is it should be thrown forward, the abdomen drawn back, and the weight thrown constantly upon the balls of the feet.





How ugly was the old-fashioned three-part suit, consisting of basque, overskirt, and underskirt. The essential and predominant feature of Jenness-Miller gowns is unity; whatever the costume, it is made to appear as one harmonious whole, and this result the gown form aids largely in securing, by preventing that awkward gap at the waist line so often seen where the skirt is made upon a bett.

The prettiest woman in the world can be made commonlace and uninteresting by

The prettiest w. man in the world can be made commonlace and uninteresting by ill-fitting, badly chosen gowns.

An ugly woman is a blot in the face of creation, but no woman need be ugly if she will exercise properly, live intelligently and

WHAT A SWEET SNAP!

Sugar Goes Up 60 Cents a Barrel.

That Means \$6000 a Bay for Philadelphia Refiners.

Claus Spreckels Looks for an Active Market.

were advanced 60 cents per barrel today. The daily output, of the three refineries ecated in Philadelphia is 10,000 barrels. and today's advance puts \$6000 of additional profits daily into the pockets of the Within 10 days prices have been advanced

\$2 per barr 1. For a fortnight there has been a stir in the trade, but the climax was reached today, causing consternation among brokers and astonishment among jobbers. Claus Spreckels, Jr., attributes the strength of the market to a phenomenal demand.
"I look for an active and strong market" said Mr. Spreckels, "for the next 90 days."

"A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW." Beautiful Story on Which the Well-Known Song Was Founded.

Few are probably the persons who have not one time or other heard the Sunday school song, "A Light in the Window."

Years came and went. The children who had played with the sailor lad had grown to be men and women, her own head had been silvered with age, her form was bowed, yet no one dared to cut the cables of her hope. Tender words cheered her and, tender hands smoothed the way for her as she patiently waited for the homecoming of her fair-haired boy, and every night the glow of her candle streamed out to seaward and told the story of the loving heart waiting at home.

Ing at home.

How many years did she watch and wait?
I do not know. But one day, at eventide, there was no gleaming patch of light across the sands. The window remained dark, and the accustomed beacon failed the fisher folk, and when they wondered and went to the cottage they found that the mother's soul had gone out to seek the son.

A Lost Opportunity.

He looked so glum and down in the mouth that the half dozen of us concluded that he had lost his wife or met with some other distressing calamity, and so, after leaving Elmira, one of the boys slid into his seat

and began: 'Wife dead?"
'Never had one."
'Had any bad news?"

"No.
"You we shall be glad of the opportunity."
"Will you?" "Of course."
"Well, then, I wish you'd begin on me and

The women who are today most admired in society and upon the stage, are women who study to be individualized. The success of the Jenness-Miller movement has consisted in the fact that its arrival was timely. As women begin to think for themselves in matters of education of religion, of politics, they begin to perceive the absurdity of a law which compels them all to dress like officers of the government in a garb dictated by authority.

They are beginning to say to fashion, you can suggest, but you shall no longer be dogmatic. They are beginning to demand, moreover, that fashion shall recognize certain physiological principles, primarily the unity of the body.

How ugly was the old-fashioned threepart suit, consisting of basque, overskirt, and underskirt. The essential and predominant reature of Jenness-Miller gowns is unity: whatever the coststume, it is used to

The Confederate's New Clothes. [Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

A veteran of the — Connecticut Regi-ment of Volunteers keeps at home a handsome uniform of a Confederate officer which was never worn but by himself, and to which he owes some months or years of liberty, if not life itself. He was a tailor before the civil war, and

will exercise properly, live intelligently and dress correctly.

READY TO FIGHT.

West End Men Had a Backer in a Dedham Farmer.

Last week a case was tried in East Cambridge in which the speed of the West End horse cars was involved. In order to make a fair trial, the division superintendent of South Boston loaded up an open horse car with drivers and conductors off duty, and sent the whole cargo over on to Broadway extension where the distance was measured off, and repeated trips from Broadway to Washington st. and back were made.

While the trial was going on a farmer from Dedham was riding up Harrison av, in his buggy, on his way home. He saw the when he was captured on a Southern battle-

she was creating. The lady of the house saw the crowd collecting, and went out to see what was the matter. Looking upward the queer spectacle met her gaze. Shocked and horrified she rushed indoors and called the domestic to the lower household region.

HOW TO TALK WELL. An Interesting Lesson in the Art of Conversation.

[Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.] If one might choose between being very handsome, with intolerable manners, and being plain, with a fine, well-modulated voice and better manners than ordinary, he

being plain, with a fine, well-modulated voice and better manners than ordinary, he would wisely prefer the latter.

A fine voice, which does not mean a loud one by any means, is always a distinct one, which can be unerringly heard without effort of the speaker. An indistinct utterance is always a sign of mental or physical deficiency, which ought to be promptly mastered. And it takes very hard work often to get the better of this slovenly pronunciation. Learn to speak. It is easier when you come down in the morning to grunt in answer to good morning than to say the two words, but you must not allow yourself this plugish, beorish habit of gruntings in place of speech.

You ought to feel ashamed when any one not precisely deaf has to ask you to say the same thing one, two or three times, because you are too slothful and indifferent to speak as you should. It is no sort of use for you to say that you can't speak any other way. Slow speech is an intolerable affront to others and waste of time.

To have this command of language, think beforehand what you must say, what will touch the interests of those you meet, whether it is a word about the weather, inquiry for their health or their concerns. This ready change of speech needs to be counted out beforehand, as you have your car fare ready to avoid fumbling for it when the conductor comes around.

A smart little proverb or amusing saying or pithy slang helps out human intercourse in common ways, but, as my mentor taught me you don't want to use slang with a bishop or eld saws with a fine lady. With your elders and betters study to be precise and plain in speech and leave them to begin joking.

To speak sweetly, make the toilet of your worth and nose with care threatimes day.

For an probably the persons who have not one time or other heart the Sunday of the persons who have not one time or other heart the Sunday of the persons who have not one time or other heart the Sunday of the persons who have not one time or other heart the Sunday of the persons who have not one time or other heart the Sunday of the persons who have not one time or other heart the Sunday of the persons who have not one time or other heart the Sunday of the persons who have not one time or other heart the Sunday of the persons who have not one time or other heart the sunday of the persons who have not not to be the sunday of the persons who have not to be the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the sunday of the persons who have not not treat the persons who have not not tre

too serious, but don't pay it laughingly, or it seems burlesque. A dash of well-chosen slang goes well, for slang is, as Col. Higginson says. 'language in the making.' but if you listen awhile you will find why reference to Sairy Gamp and Mrs. Harris amuses more than the "McGinty," of whom we have had rather more than enough.

GETTIN' ON. [Engene Field in Chicago News.]

When I wuz somewhat younger, I wuz reckoned pretty gay-I had my fling at everything In a rollickin', coltish way. But times have strangely altered Since sixty years ago— This ago of steam an' things don't seem Like the age I used to know. Your modern innovations Don't suit me, I confess, But I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza

An' hitch round with the sun—
Sometimes, mayhap. I take a nap, Waitin' till school is done. An' then I tell the children The things I done in youth An' near as I can (as a vener'ble man) I stick to the honest truth! But the looks of them 'at listen Seems sometimes to express The remote idee that I'm gone—you see?

An' I am getting on, I guess. I get up in the mornin', An', nothin' else to do,
Before the rest are up an' dressed
I read the papers through;
I hang round with the women All day an' hear 'em talk,

An' while they sew or knit I show The baby how to walk; An', somehow, I feel sorry When they put away his dress An' cut his curls ('cause they're like a girl's!) I'm gettin' on, I guess.

Sometimes, with twilight round me, Sometimes, with twilight round me,

1 see (or seem to see)

A distant shore where friends of yore
Linger an' watch for me;
Sometimes I've heerd 'em callin'
So tenderlike an' low
That it seemed almost like a dream I dreamed,
Or an echo of long ago;
An' sometimes on my forehead
There falls a soft caress,
Or the touch of a hand—you understand—
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I'm gettin' on, I guess. The Extraordinary Census. [New York Sun.]
HE COULD NOT BE SURE. Census enumerator (to individual with luxuriant whiskers)—What is your sex?

"Answer the question! You might be the bearded woman from the dime museum for all I know.' WANTED EXACTNESS. Consus enumerator (to Miss Elder)-What s your age? Miss Elder—I was born in '70. Census enumerator-1770 or 1870? Census enumerator—1770 or 1870?

IT's ON THE LIST.

Census enumerator—Name, please!

The questionee—John Henry Perkins.

"Of how many children are you the

Individual (indignantly)-You'd take me

for a man wouldn't you?

What?" MORTUARY Census enumerator to Philadelphia man)
-Your age. please?
Mr. Chestnut - Forty-five.
Census enumerator - Did you die during
the past year or before that time? SOCIAL.

Census Enumerator (to Chicago woman)-Married, mum?
Chicago woman—Yes,
Census enumerator—How many times
have you been divorced since June, 1889? A Long-Felt Want.

[Munsey's Weekly.]
Count—Ah, mademoiselle. I have longed to marry an American from my earliest in-Miss Seven Figures-Poor fellow; you have been bankrupt all your life, have you?

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. That is the question. You can make some money—more than you have any idea of—by getting subscribers to the Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

BASE BALL RECORD.

The Batting and Fielding of the Players' League and the National League to the Close of June 7. The following is the standing of the

national and players' league clubs up to and including June 7:

Players' League Standing.

Games lost... | 14 | 15 | 17 | 17 | 20 | 18 | 21 | 22 |

National League Standing. Games lost... |13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 27 |

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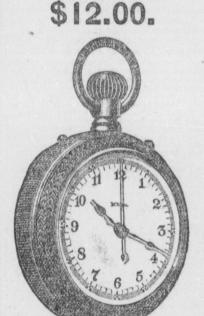
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